



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A MERRY Christmas and a glad New Year to you, my darlings! And may nothing check your daily growth in kindness, strength and love, in all sweet and holy ways throughout this new year 1875! Now to business. Here, to begin with, is

A TELEGRAM TO JACK.

North Pole, December 20th, 1874.

TO JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Expect me very soon. Important business. If any of your young breezes wish to have their own way, send them here: no rival societies. Have only one opposition firm. A. Borealis & Co. Will outdo them yet. They only care for brilliant display, while I believe in trumpeting. They are as silent as the ice itself.

Any foolish young greens trying to grow in your vicinity? I'll soon stop that. Business is not at all dull. There is much work to be done, and sending out of iceberg agents. Magnificent display of ice in our warerooms. Unequaled this side the equator.

I must get away for a tour among your pines: their backs need bending a trifle. Will give you a call if you are "at home."—Yours, N. W. WIND.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THEY have sweet Christmas music in Norway—Norway, that far-off country, with the steel-blue sky and frozen sea. It is a song in the air. The simple peasants make the birds that inhabit those rude coasts and icy valleys so very happy on this one day of the year that they sing of their own accord a glad carol on Christmas morning, and all the people come out of their houses and rejoice to hear it.

On Christmas Eve, after the birds have sought shelter from the north wind, and the still night is bright with stars, the good people bring from their store-houses sheaves of corn and wheat, and, tying them to slender poles, raise them from every spire, barn, gate-post and gable. Then when, after the long night, the Christmas sun arises, crowning the mountains with splendor, every spire and gable bursts into sudden song.

The children run out to hear the old church-spire singing; the older people follow; the air is

filled with the flutter of wings and alive with carols of gladness. The song of the birds fills every village with happiness, and to this living, grateful anthem the people respond in their hearts, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; good-will to men."

CARELESS ENGLISH.

A LADY and gentleman were crossing our meadow one cloudy day, when suddenly it began to rain.

"Wont you be kind enough to hoist my umbrella?" said the lady.

"Certainly," said the gentleman.

I was astonished at this, for if "wont" means anything at all it means will not; and therefore, according to my translation, the gentleman really had told the lady that certainly he *would not be kind enough to hoist her umbrella!*

But no. Even while he spoke he opened that useful article and held it gracefully over his companion.

"Thank you!" said she earnestly.

"Not at all," said he still more earnestly. And on they went.

"Why, the fellow flatly contradicted the lady," said I to myself. "How outrageous!"

But no, again, for they were on the best of terms, and the lady smiled sweetly at his words.

Yet the birds tell me that this sort of talk is quite usual among genteel human beings.

JACK AS A POSTMAN.

A LETTER FROM OUR TRAILING ARBUTUS TO THE SCOTCH HEATHER.

YOU remember, my dears, how, last spring, the bonny blue Scotch Heather sent a letter through your Jack to our own Trailing Arbutus. Well, Arbutus has sent an answer to that letter, and I take this way of forwarding it to Scotland. ST. NICHOLAS goes there regularly every month, I'm happy to say. It's a pretty compliment to the Heather for the answer to be in Scotch, is n't it? By the way, I'm quite sure, from what T. A. says in a message to me, that you need n't mind reading the letter, though it's not worth while to mention its contents out of the family.

New England, Autumn of 1874.

DEAR CAPE HEATH: Ye bonny purple blooms, a' oor herts gae out in answer to yer frien'ly letter, an' since a' oor simmer wark is done—ilka wee bud tucked tenderly awa', an' a' oor roots taught how to tak' firm hold o' Mither Earth's warm han's—we ha'e the time to sen' ye greetin' before the winter snaws mak' oor beds.

Oor winsome wee daughters will na open their een afore May, an' lest ye should grow tired waitin', we, their carefu' mither, sen' ye a letter. We learned yer ain sweet mither-tongue lang years ago, frae Highland lads an' lassies wha come here to live. Indeed we think a' flossers maun use the sweet soundin' words, for they are purer and easier-like for flower-lips to utter than ony ither.

Of course, Sir Heather, ye never meant yer letter to be a love-letter, an' ye will be as glad to hae it answered by Mistress Arbutus as by her lassies; besides, ye will ken yersel that nae discreet lass wad be writin' to lads far ower the sea.

An' noo we maun tell ye a' about oor life an' wark in this country. A' simmer we are busy, as we told ye, wi' oor bairnies, an' ilka fall the trees aboon us—wha seem to ha'e kind herts—throw down their wee bit plaids o' green an' gold an' scarlet to cover us warmly frae auld Winter's cruel winds. Ye may be sure we gi'e them kin'ly welcome.

It is wonderfu'—the great hert o' kin'ness which lies under a' things, like a wheel aye turnin' an' turnin', an' at ilka turn throwin' up glimmerin' bits o' spray, white an' pure, an' destined to water some droopin' thing. See it seems oor seasons are turnin' round fur aye, and forever tossin' some treasure to ilka created thing. Ye can a' maist see the hert-beats in streams wha run down the burnies, and in the gentle clouds wha wander overhead.

Sometimes the braw auld Sun himsel' seems but a smile o' kin'ness, an' aft at evenin' time the moon an' stars are smilin' too. We can only offer sasa' payment by pourin' out oor sweetness an' showin' oor color, which we maun mak' as rich an' delicate as possible, an' sae we are busy frae year's end to year's end weavin' brightness an' distillin' sweet incense. We a'maist envy the birdies their thankful voices. The marvel o' the world, as made known to flower-herbs, is the deep, aye lastin' love which has provided a' things needfu' for ilka livin' creature.

We shake yer han's, dear Heather, an' we wish for yea' noble things o' which yer life is capable. May a' yer bloomings content ye!

If ye will convey oor warmest love to ilka spray o' heather in auld Scotland, an' to a' growin' in Ireland an' on rugged German mountains as weel, ye will confer a favor upon—Your lovin' friend,
THE WHOLE CLAN O' TRAILING ARBUTUS.

CRABS IN OYSTERS.

I SAW an oyster once—about as flabby and limp a fellow as one could wish to meet. To be sure he had just been turned out of house and home, poor thing, and the spirit was pretty well out of him! But that's nothing here nor there. I'm told that oysters often are found with tiny crabs in their houses. How can this be? and how does the case stand? Does the crab go in to catch the oyster, or does the oyster catch the crab? Is it a peculiar kind of crab warranted never to grow big, or, if not, what happens? That is to say, if it's only a baby crab of the ordinary sort, what becomes of that oyster when the crab grows up? Which encompasses the other?

I'm a stay-at-home body, so I hope you children will please find out all you can on this crab-and-oyster business, and let your Jack know the facts of the case.

LITTLE TRUTHFUL.

YOU 'VE all read "Grimm's Fairy Tales," or, if not, you'll be pretty sure to read them before you are much older. They are very apt to be found in Christmas stockings, and being the production of two German brothers, who know well how to delight young folk, they are always very welcome. Jack heard the pretty schoolma'am one day repeat to her out-door class a pretty story that old Jacob Grimm, the brother who put these stories in a book, tells about one of his little readers.

He was told one fine morning that a little girl wished to see him in his reception-room, as she had something to say to "Herr Professor."

Stepping down to the room, he found a little miss, looking very grave and very wise.

"Is it thou," she said, "who hast written these fine fairy tales?"

"Yes, my dear; my brother and I have written them."

"Then the tale of the clever little tailor is thine; and it says at the end that he who will not believe it must pay a thaler (a German dollar)."

"Yes, I have written that too."

"Well, sir, I do not believe it."

"Ah!"

"Here, sir, is a quarter of a thaler. It is all I have now, but I will call and leave the rest at some other time."

The kind old man laughed, and declined the quarter-thaler. He offered, however, to see the honest little one home, and I have no doubt that the two became in time the best of friends.

AND now since it's holiday times, and we are speaking of the great tellers of f'iry tales, you shall hear about

THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK THAT THE CHICKENS DROVE AWAY.

YOU have read about it, perhaps? But did you ever know that that "ugly little duck" was dear old Hans Andersen himself?

Well, it was. I have just heard all about it.

He was born in a poor little hut, on the wind-swept Island of Odense, one of the possessions of Denmark. He was a neglected child; his father made shoes, and could not attend to him; his mother left him to follow his own will, and the little children laughed at him, and said that he was a fool, "just like his grandfather."

Hans' only comfort was to build castles in the air. He fancied he was a prince, who had been changed at his birth, and that the angels came and talked with him in the garden. He was almost, but not quite, right, and yet most people in his neighborhood agreed with the children that he was a "fool, just like his grandfather."

One day he said:

"Mother, I am going to Copenhagen, and shall become famous."

"But, Hans, what will you do?"

"Suffer adversity till I become famous." And the "ugly little duck" waddled away to the bleak open sea, and when he came back he was the famous Hans Christian Andersen! He was indeed born a prince, and good angels talked with him.

You must read the "ugly duck" again.

ANCIENT HOUSES IN COLORADO.

HOW's this, my children? I've always had an idea that if ever there was a new country it was Colorado, here in America, and now, if they're not finding antiquities in it,—the remains of good two-story stone houses, away down in its deep ravines; not one house, but groups of houses, towers and temples, and other signs that there were civilized settlements there long before the days of Indians and wigwams! I must see the birds about it. Meantime, you may ask your fathers and mothers, who read the newspapers, for further particulars. This is a great country, my dears, and the half has not yet been told. It's Jack's opinion that, as a country, America is young-looking for her age.

A NEW YEAR'S VERSE.

LEARN these lines, my boys and girls, on New Year's Day, and carry them with you all the rest of your lives. They are very, very old, but not so old as the truth they tell:

"Devoutly look, and naught
But wonders shall pass by thee;
Devoutly read, and then
All books shall edify thee;
Devoutly speak, and men
Devoutly listen to thee;
Devoutly act, and then
The strength of God acts through thee."

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE come some verses from E. S. F., floating so lightly and brightly toward the Letter-Box that we must not turn them away.

SOAP-BUBBLES.

I blew bubbles once for Kitty.
As they sailed about,
Kitty cried, "They are so pretty!
Don't let them go out!"
Then I tossed them hither, yonder,
Low, high, every way:
Kitty's eyes grew wide with wonder:
"Mamma, make them stay!"

"Let me catch one!" she entreated,
As they flitted past;
"Let me have one!" she repeated;
"I will hold it fast!"

So I tossed a bubble at her:
Light it touched her hands,
Broke, and left a soapy splatter:
All abashed she stands.

Said I, "What is it that troubles
Mamma's darling pet?"
Cried she, "Wish you'd *surge* these bubbles,
So they *would be wet!*"

WILLIAM B. S.—If you send your monthly copies of the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS—all in good order—to Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y., and send also one dollar to pay for binding, you will receive, by express or mail, the beautiful bound volume for 1874. You must pay the express charges on the numbers you send, and on the volume when you receive it; or, if you wish the volume sent by mail, you must send thirty-two cents to pay postage on it.

HOSTS of our boys and girls will be glad to know that Mr. Stockton's delightful story, "WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED," with all its pictures, has just been published in book form by Dodd & Mead, of New York, and that it already has had a very large sale. We are proud to think that this noble story, with its wealth of incident and pure, true spirit, entered the world through the pages of ST. NICHOLAS; and we are sure it will be good news to you all that Mr. Stockton has promised to write as much as he can for this magazine during the coming year.

TURTLE-CLOVES.—Alice Dunlevy writes:

"Turtle-cloves are funny little fellows that may be placed with fine effect on Christmas sugar-cakes, or set down beside each plate at the Christmas dinner. And this is the way to make them. Take for each turtle-clove a large, plump raisin and six cloves. Push a clove



in the end of the raisin until but little more than the bud is seen; this forms the head of this turtle-like object. Two cloves on each side form the feet. For the tail, fasten the bud part of the clove in the under side of the raisin, letting only the tapering end of the clove be seen."

A NEW GAME.—J. S. E. offers an original fireside game to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. He calls it "Rhymes and Trades." Any number may play. No. 1 starts a line, which he says aloud, such as "The mason *builds*." No. 2 must rhyme it with a similar remark concerning some other tradesman; for instance, "The glider *glides*." No. 3 in turn must give a new trade and rhyme if he can. If not,

he starts a fresh line, such as, "The binder *folds*." No. 4 follows with "The sculptor *molds*," or "The lawyer *scolds*," or whatever fitting line may occur to him, and so the game goes on. Anyone failing to give a rhyme, or, if the latest couplet is complete, a fresh line, when his or her turn comes, must pay a forfeit. It is considered a good point to keep up the same rhyme as long as possible, and in the effort to do this the comical or extravagant rhymes suggested will make a good deal of fun.

"It is surprising," says J. S. E., "how easy the game is when once it is fairly started. Fitting rhymes seem to spring naturally from the trades and professions: The miller *grinds*, the gleaner *binds*, the hunter *finds*; the barber *shaves*, the doctor *saves*, the beggar *craves*; the cobbler *mends*, the broker *lends*; the surgeon *hurts*; the fireman *squirts*; and so on.

JOHN SCOTT, R. L. M. and "CATO" ask for a "good, short speaking-piece." Try "Conductor Bradley," by John Greenleaf Whittier. You will find it in his latest book, *Hazel Blossoms*.

WILLIE and CHARLIE, who send a double letter from Brünn, Moravia, and who "find the monthly visits of ST. NICHOLAS a great compensation for being so far from home," write:

"A fortnight before Christmas, one sees in the windows here, and also being carefully carried in the streets, a curious figure of an old man in long, flowing robes, who looks kindly at the children. He is supposed to be St. Nicholas, a friend of all good young folks, and well supplied with candies for their benefit; but following closely behind him is a gloomy figure in black, bearing a bundle of sticks with which to flog the bad boys and girls; and naughty children are quite sure that he will find them out. All through the country St. Nicholas Day is observed religiously, and great preparations are made for its celebration."

We find that our article in the October number, describing the shipment of ice from Boston to India, did not state the matter altogether correctly. Great quantities of ice are sent from Boston to India, but it is not cut on Lake Ontario, but from the ponds around Boston. We here give a short account, kindly sent us by a Boston ice-merchant, of the manner in which the ice is obtained from these ponds:

"The ponds from which the ice is cut lie within twenty-five miles of the city. The process of cutting may be briefly described. When clear ice of sufficient depth—say fourteen inches—is formed, all snow-ice, which is opaque and of inferior value, with what snow there may be upon the ice, is removed by scrapers drawn by horses. The surface which is to be cut is then marked out by cutting long grooves with a "hand-plow." A horse-plow follows, cutting the grooves deeper, and at the same time, by a guide-marker, marking a second line parallel to the first, and twenty-two inches from it. This is in turn deepened, and a third groove cut, until the entire field is marked out into twenty-two inch squares. Cutters with longer and stronger teeth, and finally saws, cut the ice into rafts. It is then ready to be housed. The ice nearest the houses being taken out first, an open space is formed over which the rest is floated, and thus through channels and over the miniature ponds the blocks and rafts are conducted to elevators of various kinds, which carry them up to the doors, through which they are pushed into the ice-house until the last is stored."

From these houses the ice is taken to the ships at the wharves, and in them carried to India, where, as the writer says, it "sends a chill of gratitude through the community."

JESSIE F. D.—The sketch you send us is taken from an old print, a copy of which is given here for the benefit of all who are interested in the good saint after whom this magazine is named.

St. Nicholas lived over 1400 years ago in the city of Patara, in Asia Minor. He is said to have been from the first a wonderfully saintly child, and when he became a man, though he was but a simple citizen, he rose, through his active piety, to be Bishop of Myra. Wonderful stories are related of his good deeds, and some of them are commemorated to this day in the various churches of Europe. Over the altar in the Church of St. Nicholas at Ghent, is a large painting of the very scene shown in this old wood-engraving.

A wealthy gentleman in Asia, the story runs, sent his two sons to Athens to be educated. He charged the boys at parting to stop at Myra on their way and pay their respects to his reverence, the bishop. The boys reached the city at night, and took lodgings in an inn, intending to make the promised call in the morning.

Now the landlord was a very wicked man, and when he saw the boys' rich store of baggage he resolved to rob and murder them. So when the poor boys were asleep, he crept up to their room and dispatched them, and, in conceal his terrible deed, he cut up their bodies and packed them in a pickling-tub with some pork, intending to sell the whole to some ship in the Adriatic.

Now good St. Nicholas that night saw it all in a dream, and in the morning he put on his pontifical robes (for he was now an archbishop), and, with his crozier in his hand, went in holy indignation to the inn.

The landlord was greatly frightened when he saw the archbishop, and on being accused, fell upon his knees and confessed his crime.

St. Nicholas next went to the tub in all his pontificals, and he passed his hands over the boys, who at once hopped up out of the pickled pork alive and whole. The happy fellows began to sing praises to

saint St. Nicholas was, and what a pity he died so long ago! After awhile, the Saint visited the nobleman's premises again, and did the same mysterious kindness to the second daughter. The nobleman now began to keep watch at night, in order to discover whence his sudden good fortune came. As good St. Nicholas was about to throw another rounded purse at the feet of the third daughter, he was discovered by the grateful father, who threw himself at his feet, saying: "O St. Nicholas, servant of God, why seek to hide thyself?"

St. Nicholas made the nobleman promise never to tell the discovery he had made; but the secret escaped in some unaccountable way; and after St. Nicholas died, the nuns of the convents in the East used to imitate him on certain holidays in making secret gifts to their friends. They used to put silk stockings at the door of the abbess at night, and label them with a paper invoking the liberal aid of good St. Nicholas. In the morning the stocking would be found full of presents.

In time, as you know, children began to imitate this custom, especially at Christmas.

St. Nicholas used annually to be honored in the old English churches by the election of a boy-bishop, whom the whole church were accustomed to obey for a short time, because St. Nicholas was the patron of boys. He is still honored with a grand festival at Bari on the Adriatic, is the patron saint of Russia, and of the mariners on the great winter seas, and his name is borne by the Russian czars. He also is the patron saint of New York city, which, you know, was settled by the Dutch, and of all saints he is most revered in Holland. But there the young folks do him honor on St. Nicholas day, which comes on the 6th of November, keeping it very much as we do the Christmas holidays.



St. Nicholas, but he, good soul, would not listen to it. He told them to worship none but God. The boys, at once recovering their possessions, went on their way rejoicing, and St. Nicholas was regarded as the special protector of boys and students from that hour.

Most of the old pictures represent three boys in the pickling-tub, all with uplifted hands, praising good St. Nicholas. We suspect that three boys in the tub, instead of two, better suited the fancy of the old artists. It did not make a great deal of difference in point of fact, and it certainly made a better picture.

"But how came St. Nicholas to be the patron of Christmas gifts and the particular saint of the Christmas holidays?"

After St. Nicholas was made archbishop at Myra, he became very rich, and because he despised money for his own sake, he spent a good portion of his time in giving away his money to others, and in such a way that none should know from whom it came. It chanced that there was a very poor nobleman in Myra, who had three lovely daughters. Knowing that they could have no marriage portion, St. Nicholas, considerate soul, felt pity for them, and one moonlight night he took a purse, round as a ball with gold, and, throwing it into the open window at the feet of the eldest daughter, he hid himself from view. The eldest daughter could now marry. What a good

ELLA and EDWARD C.—Osgood & Co., of Boston, are about to publish a little play, written by Mrs. Geo. L. Chaney, from the "William-Henry" books, by Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, whose stories in the *ST. NICHOLAS* have delighted you so much. The play probably will be just the thing you need for parlor representation, and, if we are rightly informed, it will be out very soon.

JANE H. (AND OTHERS).—In making up your club for a premium, the names of old subscribers will count the same as new ones.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Please, can any one tell me who wrote the following lines:

"T is midnight; and the setting sun
Rises in the far glorious West;
The rapid rivers slowly run,
The frog is on his downy nest;
The pensive goat and sportive cow,
Hilarious hop from bough to bough?"

They have amused me ever since I can remember.

ALICE M. W.

JULIA T. F., of California, sends the following to the Letter-Box. It was circulated last Christmas among the boys and girls at a San Francisco Sunday-school, and was written, she believes, by the teacher. She thinks it will be new, as well as useful, to hundreds of her *ST. NICHOLAS* friends:

THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

MATTHEW and MARK and LUKE and JOHN the Holy Gospels write, The Saviour's life and death they tell, and all that they denote;
ACTS proves how God the Apostles owned with signs in every place,
ST. PAUL in ROMANS teaches us how man is saved by grace;
The Apostle in CORINTHIANS instructs, exhorts, reproves,
GALATIANS shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves;
EPHESIANS and PHILIPPIANS tell what Christians ought to be,
COLOSSIANS bids us live to God, and for eternity;
In THESSALONIANS we are taught the Lord will come from Heaven,
In TIMOTHY and TITUS a bishop's rule is given;
PHILEMON marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know,
HEBREWS reveals the Gospel prefigured by the law;
JAMES teaches, without holiness faith is but vain and dead,
ST. PETER points the narrow way in which the saints are led;
JOHN, in his three EPISTLES, on love delights to dwell,
ST. JUDE gives awful warnings of judgment, wrath and hell;
The REVELATION prophesies of that tremendous day
When Christ, and Christ alone, shall be the trembling sinner's stay.

MR. EDITOR: Papa helped me to find out about "the Torricellian tube" mentioned by Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit. It's a barometer. Papa showed me the quotation the pretty schoolma'am used. It was from some verses written by the Rev. Gilbert White in his book about the "Natural History of Selborne." It's a little piece with a great long name.

EDDIE BLACK.

DEAR EDITOR: Please tell Jack-in-the-Pulpit that "the Torricellian tube" is named after the inventor, Torricelli, an Italian philosopher and mathematician, who discovered the principle on which the barometer is constructed.

"JICKS."

Will the Editors of the ST. NICHOLAS please inform me by what author, and from what poem, the line "Piping on hollow reeds to his spent sheep" is taken? And the origin of the quotation, "The brook that brawls along the wood?"

F. O. M.

The second quotation you mention is from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Act II., Scene 1. It is part of a beautiful speech by one of the lords resident with the banished duke in the forest of Arden, and has reference to the "melancholy Jaques," who, he says:

"— lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood."

You do not quote it exactly, and this makes us think that perhaps your first quotation is hardly accurate. We know of no passage approaching it more nearly than one in the first stanza of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar."

GRACE ETHEL.—We cannot put you down as a Bird-defender, as you do not send your full name.

LUCY WILLIAMS sends the following list of Bird-defenders: Jessie Cook, Bessie Gilbert, Maggie Gilbert, Sadie Gilbert, Josie Gilbert,

Clara Gilbert, Fannie Prouty, Lizzie Welch, Mary Welch, Pollie Hackett, Ida Spence, Mary Bardwell, Lucinda Bardwell, Judea Bardwell, Lillie Meramvill, and Lucy Williams.

The following new names of Bird-defenders have also been received since our last issue: May Ogden, John F. Ogden, Fannie M. Griswold, Florence Peltier, Anna M. Glover, Maggie Detrick, Jimmie H. Detrick, Hattie Carman, Charlie Carman, Johnnie Carman, Jennie Carman, Lizzie Park, Alice I. Paine, Katie R. Paine, Emy E. Paine, Mary C. Paine, Fannie D. Murden, Maude Cheney, Alice Angell, Eva Dodda, Bennie Stockdale, Willie C. N. Bond, Arthur H. Clarke, Arthur L. Gilman, William F. Darrah, Rufus E. Darrah, Robert Staigg, Chas. T. Griffith, B. C. Weaver, Bessie Severance, Mary Severance, John Severance, Allen Severance, Annie Severance, Julia Severance, Bertha Hunt, Grace Murray, Fannie Laurie, John F. Hays, Herbert Shaw Forman, Lulu F. Potter, Tony Foot, and Thomas P. Sanborn.

Fayette, Howard Co., Mo., Oct. 14, 1874.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER & Co., New York.

GENTLEMEN: I enclose you \$3.00 for ST. NICHOLAS for 1875. My little son and daughter have made the money themselves. I live on a farm; and Ethelbert plowed one day instead of going to the circus, so as to save his show-money to help pay for your magazine. So you can see that it is highly appreciated.—Yours, &c., THOMAS W.

MINNIE THOMAS sends a batch of riddles which she "found in an old book, and thought might be new to many readers." We select a few:

"What is that which, by losing one eye, has only a nose left?"

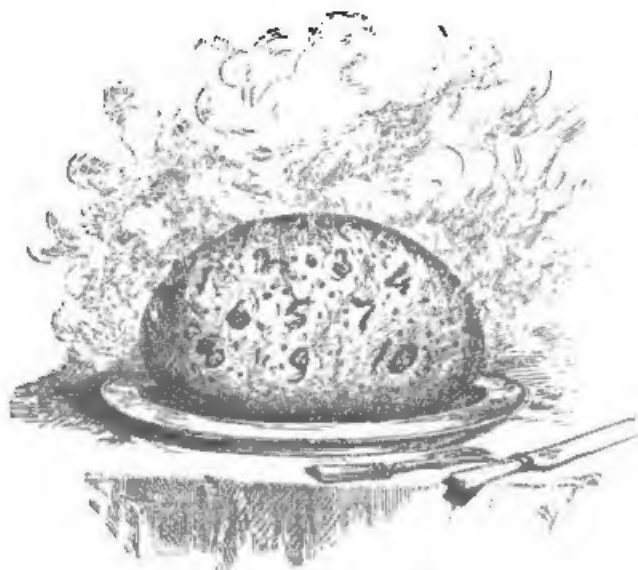
Ans.—A nose.

"My first some men will often take
Entirely for my second's sake;
But very few indeed there are
Who both together well can bear."

Ans.—Misfortune.

"In my first my second sat: my third and fourth I ate. Ans. Insatiate."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



A PLUM PUDDING.

OUR Christmas would certainly be incomplete
Without a plum-pudding, rich, juicy and sweet;
The recipe you will demand, I dare say—
I'll give it at once in a fanciful way:

- (1) Take a thousand and one, in proportions to suit,
And sprinkle it carefully over the fruit;
- (2) Now a daisy or rose, and (3) one hundred with
love,
- (4) The east and the west winds in conflict above;
- (5) A Seneca chief taking supper at e'en,
- (6) Two tools and some ice, with a small pea between;
- (7) And now from Missouri get two pretty girls,
Bright, sparkling and lively, blue eyes and soft
curls;
- (8) A frank kind of fruit with the sound of a bell,
And all these ingredients together mix well;
- (9) Now please add two verbs of an opposite meaning,
- (10) What the writer of this did at supper this evening;
Add milk, eggs and raisins, stir well, and I ween,
You'll have a plum-pudding that's fit for a queen.

AUNT SUE.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-eight letters: My 30, 4, 21, 5, 24, 38 is a city in the United States. My 1, 22, 9 is a domestic animal. My 6, 34, 19, 13 is the name of a month. My 14, 17, 31 is an insect. My 6, 7, 28, 33, 35, 21 are employed in court. My 29, 18, 20, 12, 5 is one of the five senses. My 23, 36, 28, 25, 32, 27, 18, 20, 12, 11 is a number. My 26, 33, 35, 29, 10 is a useful animal. My 30, 2, 37 is a weapon used by the Indians. My 15, 3, 8, 34, 16 is to endow. My whole is an old saying.

C. A. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. THE subject of your thoughts I tell.
2. A word that speaks a long farewell.
3. A native of a distant land.
4. I mean, to seize with sudden hand.
5. And I, to take with trust the true.
6. In Italy, my home, I grew.
7. Me, before all, should men pursue.

INITIALS.

Never found on land or sea;
But in mid-air look for me.

FINALS.

Piercing darkness, golden bright,
Giving life, and shedding light.

CHARL.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word; the second, by the same word minus its first letter; the third, by original word minus first two letters; and in like manner the lines of the second stanza:

I.

The princess who once tried to —
Her fair hand wounded with the —
A magic sleep, she then fell —
And thus for years she lay;

II.

Until, to break the slumber —
Ere her sweet soul by it were —
A noble knight, by true love —
Kissed all the spell away.

LAURA D. NICHOLS.

**REVERSIBLE
DIAMOND PUZZLE.**

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A kind of tumor or swelling. 3. To repulse or drive back. 4. A boy's nickname. 5. A consonant.

REVERSED: 1. A letter. 2. Novel or fresh. 3. A sufferer often mentioned in Scripture. 4. A retreat used for shelter or concealment. 5. A letter.

ANNIE SAVINNE.

RIDDLE.

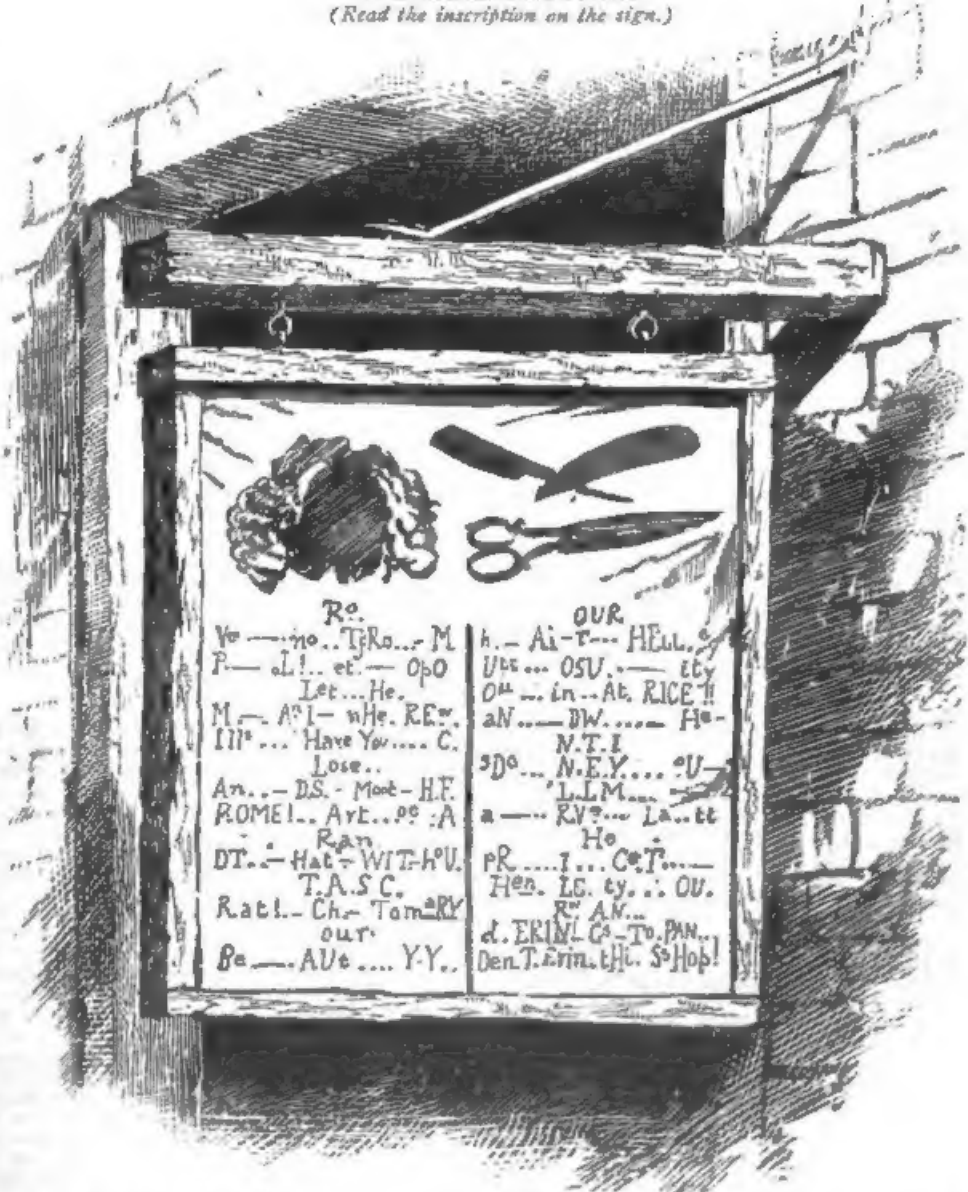
TAKE the name of a useful animal, insert a consonant, and find the name of a celebrated mountain; then insert a vowel, and find a confection. R. G.

**GEOGRAPHICAL
ACROSTIC.**

1. A FAMOUS watering-place. 2. A fresh-water lake in Central Africa that Livingstone investigated. 3. One of the oldest cities in Asia. 4. A large island in the Northern Ocean, famous for its boiling springs and subterranean fires. 5. An empire that has four hundred millions of inhabitants, and the oldest government now in existence. 6. A range of mountains whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, and the country all around covered with perpetual verdure. 7. A river and gulf of Siberia. 8. A frozen northern country. 9. A land you and I love. 10. The country where Scott and Burns were born. The initials of the above will give the name of one whom we hope you are glad to see. F. R. F.

A PUZZLE-PICTURE.

(Read the inscription on the sign.)

**EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.**

1. A VOWEL. 2. The organ of hearing. 3. A wooden frame for holding pictures. 4. A color. 5. A consonant. IRON DUKE.

AN ENTERTAINMENT.

THE blanks in each sentence are to be filled by one word or phrase and its transpositions:

Once ——— rooms, and ——— some guests, who ——— my door with pleasure.

My ——— was that I could at one ——— twenty, for which number ———. Of plates I placed ——— my ——— table.

A ———, which held four more, seemed a ———, relieving a fear ——— more than I could seat. Each ——— dish ——— the different taste of guests. Some prefer ——— cooked by ———. One guest, named ———, never ———, but is fond of broiled ———. Another, who ——— as a Turk, eschews ———. One dish of vegetables being passed to him, he exclaimed, "——— occasion, ever touch an ——!" A gentleman named ———, near a dish of ——— potatoes,

of which he was very fond. Another moved that each man who in market ———, ——— classed with those who make ——— their sole diet. A servant, taken up with this gentleman's ———, placed two ——— ——— pair of china tureens! At this I was so ——— that I ——— to smile yet, whenever I think of it, and, in fact, it ——— all merry.

Two gentlemen, a little ——— from the rest ——— only, for dessert. One friend made ——— complimentary of my ———. I should have given them preserved ———, but they were burned ——— in the preparation.

My pudding of ——— before the ———. Then one gentleman, not firm of ———, called for ———, but was rudely interrupted by the remark that they only turned men into ———!

We then ——— for the drawing-room, and I think all ——— that the dinner was a success. J. P. B.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

LOGOGRIPH.—Oporto—Port Ol—Port(e)—Or—O.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Leap-frog.

L ——— F
E ——— R
A ——— O
P ——— G

ANAGRAMS.—I.—1. Shoemakers. 2. Authors. 3. Painters. 4. Teachers. 5. Policemen. 6. Editor. II.—1. Anemone. 2. Tuberoses. 3. Dahlia. 4. Geraniums. 5. Dandelions. 6. Lilac. 7. Hyacinths. 8. Verbenas. III.—1. Currants. 2. Orange. 3. Pineapples. 4. Apricots. 5. Water-melons. IV.—1. Simultaneously. 2. Discourteously. 3. Premeditation. 4. Foreground. 5. Loiterings. 6. Kinswoman.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

T
A R T
A N E A D
T R E A S O N
T A S T E
D O E
N

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Cape, ape. 2. Blot, lot. 3. Climb, limb. 4. Store, tore.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—

A V A
V A N
A N N

ENIGMA.—Charlotte Cushman

THE DAY IN THE GROVE.—Cyprian (cypress)—Florence—James—James—Flattery—Virginia—Java—Orange—Sandwich—Great Bear—Florence—Fear—Adelaide—Cologne—Good Hope—Florence—Virginia—Daring—James—Madeira—James—Newfoundland—Loyalty—Constance—Rocky—Lena—Florence—Virginia—Peach (pear)—Constance—Coral—Adelaide—Chili—Farewell—Concord.

EASY REBUSES.—1. Prowess. 2. West Indies. 3. Belief.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Oracles—so clear. 2. All pearl—parallel. 3. Avers—aves. 4. Felicity—city life. 5. Aloof—a fool. 6. Carers—recast—traces—carets. 7. Indenture—end in true.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.—

W—rat—h
W—age—r
S—sea—l

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD.—Rose and Pink.

EASY METAGRAMS.—Cow, vow, how, now (or how), tow, Po, O!

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to November 18th, from Constant E. Jones, L. W. Jones, D. F. L. P., Helen B. Fancher, Charlie N. Thompson, Eugenia C. Pratt, Ida H. Jenkins, Mary H. Wilson, Thornton M. Ware, Herbert R. Palmer, Georgia C. Boshier, Mary H. Rochester, C. Bacheiler, George F. Pease, Alexander Noyes, J. Bryan, James S. Rogers, Jr., Louise F. Olmstead, Ida P. Williams, Bessie H. Van Cleef, Charlie Woodbury, Sarah Havens, Carrie Simpson, Florrie Kronau, Lulu Habisbury, Belle Hooper, and Thomas P. Sanborn.

A CONUNDRUM PICTURE.

The three prizes for the best sets of answers to the sixty-three conundrums contained in this puzzle, published in the November number, were awarded to M. E. WALKER, 20 Cottage Street, Utica, Onondaga County, New York; JOSIE McLAUGHLIN, Montclair, New Jersey; and TINTY WATSON, Orange, New Jersey; and a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS has been sent to each.

The sets of answers received from the following named boys and girls were so admirable that the senders deserve honorable mention: Ednah B. Hale, Nelly E. Sherwood, Norman Henderson, Elsie and Frank Du Pont, Thomas Turner, Alice W. Ives, M. T. Pisman, Adelaide Long, Elsie and Grace Hobart, Richmond W. R. Jaffray, Bessie Thomas, Ethel Oliver, Hartie F. Johnson, George Aston, Charles Brooks Stevens, Mary F. Sinclair, Annie Young, Gertie Baylor, Walter Austin, Jamie J. Ormsbee, Jenny Almy, Jennie D. V. Brown, J. A. Lighthipe, "Beau K," "The Little Gallaudets," Sarah E. Shankland, Grace Gilbert, Nellie W. Banks, Alexis J. Du P. Coleman, S. W. Lambert, Evy and Fanny, Lulu Wight, Frank and Edgar Lethbridge, Emily Shaw Sargent, M. Joe Shotwell, Harry G. Andress, Bessie H. Van Cleef, Fannie M. Hall, Minnie L. Welles, Robert De Wolfe Duck, Florence Worthington, William Lovins, Jr., Hannah Clark, Elgoud C. Luffin, Eddie B. Van Vleck, Julia V. Laquerenne, Herman N. Tiemann, Harmon W. Marsh, Lulu Bull, Anna M. Glover, L. J. McMullen, Ed. T. Okella, T. L. Davis, Constant and Louis W. Jones, Henry F. Guy, Emily O. Post, Ida H. Jenkins, Frank Alexander, Nicholas Brewer, Jr., George G. Humphrey, D. W. Murther, Willie O. Tremaine, Grace M. Thirkal, Mabel Moore, Horace S. Dodd, Le Baron Hathaway, Carrie Crawford, Jack and Carrie "The Butties Children," Henry C. White, Fred W. Porter, Ellie Turner, "Grandmamma" (answers in verse), M. W. Collet, Robert Edwin Withers, Annie May Keith, Charles A. Rositer, Emily Van Zandt, Kate N. Noble, G. E. Rogers, Harry H. Wyman, Carrie R. Lord, Minnie Bateham.

For the satisfaction of all those who have sent in sets of answers, we give the following list of special answers that, though not the same as those given in our December number, were good enough to be considered correct, viz.: For answer 3. Two feet, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard, we allowed Bush, two-thirds of a bushel. 7. Horn—Bow; Robin Hood was skillful with the long bow. 14. Hide—Hook (to steal). 16. Crook—Back, shoulders. 20. The Hidden Hand—"Blade o' Grass," "Fast Friends," "On Guard," "On the Heights." 22. Band—Staff, arms. 23. Fleecy—Hook, pocket. 25. Nails—Plane. 28. Blades—Teeth. 29. Hill—Walker. 37. Arms—Spears. 40. Pear—Apple (the same as pupil). 41. Nears—Sides. 44. Mouth—Head. 46. Face—Hand (not hands, as there is only one in the picture). 47. Black Legs—Lambs (gambolers). 48. Sheep's Heads—Soles. 49. Joint—Mutton, leg of lamb. 50. Pupils and Tulips—Pupils and irises. 52. Rest—Staff, paws (pause), a minor. 54. Wool—Banks, Lee, Mead, Greene. 55. Tulips—Irises, phlox. 56. Trick—Blade. 57. Neck—Headland.

As some of those sending answers from distant States, such as California and Nebraska, have complained that they did not have sufficient time, it may be well to state that the last-named of the three winners, though living within a few miles of New York, was among the very latest to send in her answers, so that if those received from the distant subscribers had been as correct they still would have been first in point of time. Indeed, a set of answers was received from Scotland before the expiration of the time allowed. A "grandmamma" sent an excellent set of answers, embodied in graceful rhyme, which perhaps may find a place in our next number.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, my boys and girls! What shall Jack tell you about this time? Something about something, eh? That's easily done. What say you to

CROWS' NESTS MADE OF FISH-BONES?

THE crows who live near my wood always build their nests of interwoven sticks and twigs, and they are strong enough to last year after year, if they are not as handsome as those of some other birds. But one of my crow-neighbors tells me that he has cousins who live on far-away islands where there are neither trees nor shrubs, and these crows build their nests, and very good-looking ones too, of the dried and bleached bones of large fish that have been thrown up on the shore.

Queer nests, I should think, but they show the ingenuity and perseverance of the birds. How much better than to sit down and caw sulkily that they will not build any nests at all, because they can't get just the material they prefer for the purpose.

TUMBLE-WEEDS.

MY Eastern children will say, "What *are* tumble-weeds?" when they first see this paragram; but the little Western folk will shout, "Ho! ho! we've seen them! The funniest things that ever were!"

All I know about them is that they belong to the Western prairies, but don't make their appearance until the land has been broken by the plow. Then they start up and take possession for a year or two, and after that they slowly disappear.

They have great big heads, formed of a net-work of stiff little branches, and their roots are like slender young beets. Late in the season, when they get dry, the wind tears them up, roots and all, and off they go, skipping, flying and tumbling over the country like good fellows. They look, in

the distance, like some sort of lively animals, and what is more, it would take a lively animal to catch them; for sometimes, in a high wind, they can outrun a galloping horse.

I wish some of the well-behaved children here-about would take a hint from the tumble-weeds, and be a little more nimble in their ways. One of these days a good run will be set down among the lost arts—see if it is n't—if the children don't play more. There is a teacher in a gricky green gown who walks through our meadow sometimes with her girls, making the poor things all march in a double row like soldiers. Don't I wish she'd take a hint from the tumble-weeds!

THE SUMMER-SURGEON.

SUCH news! The strangest little surgeon! But you shall hear all about him. He always carries a small case of the queerest, sharpest instruments that were ever made. He is the tiniest little fellow, and his wonderful instruments can only be seen when they are placed under a glass called a microscope, which magnifies them, or makes them large enough to be seen.

In this surgeon's case there are two cutting-blades, or lancets, two tiny saws, one hollow tube, and one sharp-pointed instrument, which is also hollow, like a tube. Now, when he thinks it worth while to bleed any one, he opens his little case, and first pierces the skin with the sharp blades; then he cuts the flesh with the two little saws to make the blood flow fast, and then he pours through one tube a fluid into the wound to make the blood thin enough to flow easily, after which he draws up the blood through the other tube into the vessel prepared for it, until he thinks that he has bled the poor patient enough.

Now what do you suppose this surgeon's name is? He is called Mr. Gnat, and he is none other than the troublesome little insect that stings one so often in summer. He uses all these wonderful instruments just to get a sip of blood from some tempting boy or girl—the rascal!

SAILORS' LANGUAGE.

I AM always in my pulpit, but not always preaching. I spend the most of my time in listening to all sorts of strange and wonderful things, in order to tell them to my children. But sometimes I hear things that puzzle me very much. The other day two sailors were talking together, and it took more than my wit to find out what they meant. One said he had just come from the "roaring forties," where he had many times "sailed in the teeth of the wind," and had been "caught in the eye of the storm." You would have believed his observation, that his companion was as "deaf as a coal-bunker," if you had heard the tone in which he shouted out his remarks.

Then the other sailor began to talk. He said that he too had just returned from a voyage. The sea had been as "smooth as blubber" most of the time, but one night when there was "just a capful of wind," and "all s's" were "set" to catch it, and "everything was as quiet as a night dog-

watch," down came a brig and struck her right "amidships." "An', sir, the cap'n only had time to sing out to man the gig, the jollyboat and dingy, when in the water we were! Indeed," the sailor went on to say, "I s'pose we'd ha' gone to Davy Jones' locker if the brig had n't sent along her dory and yawl to pick us up."

Now what do you suppose any sober-minded Jack could make of all that? I can't describe to you how it bothered me to carry all these queer expressions in my head till my traveled bird-friends should come along. Some of them had taken long voyages in ships, and so could understand the terms my sailors had used.

Well, the end of it all is, I know now that the "roaring forties" means the distance on the Atlantic Ocean between the fortieth and fiftieth parallels of latitude; that the sailors gave the name to that space because the ocean is so stormy there. To sail in the "teeth of the wind" means to proceed in the direction from which the wind comes, and to be "caught in the eye of the storm" is to be right in the center of it, which is a very dangerous thing. "A capful of wind" turns out to be a nice brisk wind, not a gale, nor even a spanking breeze—which last, by the way, is a wind that blows quite strongly, but steadily, and is just what a sailor likes best.

As for "s'ls," that is only the sailor-sound for sails.

When I heard that a "dog-watch" means a watch that is two hours long, I could n't imagine what sort of a watch it could be; but it appears that when a ship is at sea there must always be some one to keep watch night and day, in order to avoid accidents. So one officer will watch from six o'clock till ten, another from ten o'clock till twelve, a third from twelve o'clock till two, and a fourth from two o'clock till six. The two short periods between ten o'clock and two in the daytime, and the same in the night, are called dog-watches.

Upon hearing this, I was going to remark that this was a very queer name, but remembering that all the other names and terms were queer too, I said nothing about it.

As for hitting "amidships," that only means that one vessel struck the other in the center. "Yawl" and "dory," and many of the other words are plain enough, now that I understand them; but we have had sailor-talk long enough for this time.

A LETTER TO JACK.

HERE is a letter just received from my kinsman, Green Dragon:

Chinquepin Island, Mississippi River.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am sure you remember your cousin Green Dragon. We were well acquainted in the long-ago days before railroads and reapers.

What a famous preacher you are getting to be, my dear cousin! There's not a pulpit in the land so quoted as you. Your fame has come across the prairies to my island home in the midst of the Mississippi's mighty waters. I am happily situated here, at the head of the Keokuk Rapids, in sight of the old Mormon town of Nauvoo, safe for centuries, I think, from the march of civilization. I don't like this same civilization. I'm sure it means no good to us flowers. Just think how it has spoiled our sweet Rose! You and I remember the time, Jack, when she was an open-faced, simple-hearted wood-nymph, that either of us would have died for. Now see what a fluffy, artificial, made-up look she has!

But there's one flower here civilization has not corrupted. Jack, Jack, my dear cousin, did you ever see her—the great American lotus,—the Indian Queen? She is like a dream of the Tropics. Down in the ooze, under the solemn waters, is the long, snake-like root; up through the wave rises the sinewy stem; on the river's bosom, spread out like a knightly shield, freely floats the leaf—a yard and a-half wide, Jack. Bravely uplifted above the flood, in her yellow robes and glistening amber jewels, sits the regal lotus, sweetening the breeze with her warm, spicy, almond-flavored breath.

There are strange stories told of this Queen Lotus—of how priests and sages of old made pilgrimages to her home in the Nile; of how she played "bo-peep" with Moses in the bulrushes. Pharaoh's daughter, it is said, was making her periodical visit to the lotus when she discovered the handsome boy. Between ourselves, Jack, I don't believe this lotus of mine, here on the Mississippi, is the same as the ancient lotus of the Nile. I heard a scientific gentleman say that the Nile lotus is purple. My lotus is a delicate, creamy yellow.

The children along the Mississippi like lotus-nuts, and call them water-chinquepins. The German children call them Yankee-nuts.

The white water-lily, a relative to my lotus, is sometimes seen here; but her home is the lake. Flowers and folks are both better off at home. Here the lily draggles; she can't lift herself above the retarding waters.

Your cousin,

GREEN DRAGON.

STARVING CHILDREN.

IT'S a terrible thing to say, but I'm told that some children *are* starving this winter. Find them and feed them, my darlings. Ask your parents to help. Good warm clothes that you never wear should not be stowed away in your homes now. *Somebody* needs them.

BERGMEAL.

A NORWEGIAN boy, with eyes as blue as wood-violets and hair of the pale gold color of a daffy that has grown in the shade, lately told a young lady, in my hearing, about a very queer sort of flour that he had seen at home, and in a few other countries—Tuscany, in Italy, for instance. It is called bergmeal, he said (or bergmehl, from the German *berg*, mountain, and *mehl*, meal). To give a loaf of bread made from this flour, would be almost literally to give a stone for bread; for the bergmehl, our boy said, is not made from grain, but from a very fine white or cream-colored powder, mainly composed of flinty shells, so very small that one square inch of the powder is said to contain millions of them.

"Is this bread good, and can one live upon it?" the young lady asked the Norwegian lad.

He shook his head rather sadly, and said, "No, it is not good, and one could not live upon it alone; but in hard times when grain-flour is very scarce and costly, the poor people go out upon the mountains and gather this powder to mix with grain-flour, to make it last longer."

He said that there was something else in the bergmehl besides the particles of flinty shells, and that this something had a little nourishment in it; but the main thing is that the mountain-flour increases the bulk of the food, and even that is an advantage in times of famine.

I was glad that the poor people of Norway could get this bergmehl when they could not get good grain-flour; but I would much rather we should send them a few shiploads of wheat, or rye, or buckwheat, or Indian-corn. Would n't you, my dears?

DON'T forget the birds this cold weather. Scatter crumbs for them, my children.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE is a letter from a little girl, printed word for word as it was written:

Orland, October 11, 1874.

ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing that a good many have written for this book, I thought I would see what I could do about writing a story, although I am but a little girl, nine years old. You cannot expect much from me.

Dear boys and girls, I am going to tell you a story about my little pig. You may think this rather beneath the notice of a little girl, but I do not agree with you. Any little boy or girl who did not have pity for a little motherless lame pig, does not have any heart.

One day, as my grandpa was out in the barn-yard, he saw a little lame pig laying down on the ground. It could not walk; but grandpa brought it in the yard and fed it some milk for two or three days, and then I asked pa if I could have it, and he said I might, and then I took it and fed it, and you may think it funny because I took the dish that I fed it with and washed it. It was in the summer. I took cold water and washed the pig, and wiped it, and it held just as still while I did it. It got over being lame, and grew, till all at once it began to refuse its food; and one morning when I went out to feed it I found it missing. I looked all over for it, but could not find it. Finally we found it in the wood-pile; we took it out and buried it.

I read in my last magazine about a little girl who had a cat, who would ring at the hall-door. Now my grandpa (the same grandpa that helped me take care of my little pig) had a cat that would open the door, and not wait for any one to open it. BIRDIE.

We gladly print three verses from a poem by E. B., entitled,

THE COOKY WITH A HOLE IN IT.

Little man! did you ever see
A cooky as nice as this?
Spiciness, yellowness, richness,
All to be bought for a kiss!

And see, it is made with a hole, sir,
Framed in the middle, so;
To hang it upon your finger,
Or even peep through, you know.

Spoke the little man then, "O yes, ma'am!"
Still a small doubt stirred his soul.
"Yes," again said little man, softly,
"But how do you eat the hole?"

JENNIE F. V. writes: "I would like to tell other girls of a way of putting coal on the fire so as not to make a noise. It is useful to know about it, in case anyone is sick, or there is a little baby asleep in the room, or you are helping to take care of your poor grandfather, sick with rheumatism. The last is my case. Grandpa cannot bear the noise made by putting coal on the fire, so I was glad to learn of a good way of doing it softly. I put the coal in little paper grocery-bags that the cook saves for me (but I suppose pieces of newspaper would do to wrap them in). Then, when I get a scuttleful of these bags of coal, I wash my hands, and Mary carries the scuttle up to grandpa's room for me. It is very handy. I can then lay these little bags of coal on the fire so softly that a mouse could n't hear it; and it is easier, too, than lifting the scuttle. Besides, it does n't soil my hands. Sometimes when the fire is n't good I break the bag just a little, so that the paper will catch fire more easily."

Brooklyn, November 23, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You told us last May how to make a "Christmas City," so I have made one. It is on a board three feet long, and two wide. There are fifty houses in all. It is laid out with streets, and green yards with fences around them, and gravel walks and flower-beds, and trees and shrubbery. Two of the yards have croquet sets, and two have artificial ponds. There is a river in one part of the city, and a park in the center. No two houses are exactly alike. There is a cathedral, with a chapel, a bishop's palace, and a nunnery. There are two churches with parsonages; a college with a chapel and library; and three houses for the President and Professors, all enclosed in one yard, which I call College Square. There are three farm-houses and twelve cottages and a school-house; two hotels, two stores, a theater, a bank, eight mansion-houses, four barns, and two little summer arbors beside the river. I was nine years old when I commenced my city, but did not finish it till after I was ten. But I fear I am writing too long a letter for your time and patience. I will only add that I sent my City to the county fair, and got five dollars premium for it. I am thinking some of making a Holiday Harbor, but do not know as I can make the ships. I hope St. Nicholas will have a good big turkey for his Thanksgiving dinner; I think he deserves one for making me so happy.—From your friend, LIZZIE M. BENNETT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The Letter-Box asks why the mark in paper is called a "water-mark." It is so called because made by the wire through which the water is drained from the pulp of which the paper is made. ARNOLD GUYOT CAMERON.

C. V. T.—We do not wonder that "The Hidden Hand" in the conundrum picture puzzled you. We intended that it should do so. You could not, it is true, "find" the hidden hand in the picture in a literal sense, but surely the expression, "find," is quite allowable in this case. Ours was a riddle, or conundrum picture, and we expected that all who undertook to interpret it would let their fancy shed light upon their wits.

Long ago, we said to a dear old negro:

"Eliza, here's a conundrum for you. Why is a person with the rheumatism like a church window?"

"Dunno, chile," said she. "You 'll hab to tell ole 'Liza dat, I 're thinkin'."

"Why, Eliza, don't you know? It's because it's full of pains."

"G'long," cried Eliza, highly indignant. "Done come tellin' 'Liza no sich stuff; 'tain't no sich thing. Dey's diff'rent kinds of pains, dem is. Don't s'pose dey rubs liniment on church window-panes, does yer? Ole 'Liza aint gwine to believe no sich stuff as dat, no how."

It has been a surprise and a pleasure to us to note that out of all the nine hundred and more who sent answers to our conundrum picture, only *seven* have since expressed any dissatisfaction whatever, and, strange to say, the things that they find fault with are the very answers (printed in December ST. NICHOLAS) that a *very large majority* of the children sent in without hesitation.

DEAR EDITOR: You have so many fine stories about animals in ST. NICHOLAS, that I want you to please put this one in. A lady who came to see my mother told it to us last night. She said that in the house right back of hers in Brooklyn, they have a pet parrot. On week-day mornings this parrot always has a good deal to say about wanting this and that; but on Sunday mornings last Summer it would rouse the neighbors by shouting, "Mary Elizabeth, get ready for Sunday-school! Mary Elizabeth, get ready for Sunday-school!" over and over again. The lady said that the bird was in its cage hanging out of an upper window, where no one could talk to it and tell it what to say without being seen or heard, and it never said this on any morning but Sunday. Do you suppose the parrot could count?—Your respectful friend, LANE M. WEST.

Boston.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do you consider the expression, "can't see it," as slang? I like that society of "Non-askers," mentioned by John Gregg in the Letter-Box for last June. Don't you think the girls ought to join? Do you think it a good plan to learn poetry? Can you tell me who wrote that poem on "The Burial of Moses," beginning:

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave;
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave?"

Yours respectfully,

MINNIE THOMAS.

The expression, "can't see it," is not necessarily slang, but it may be used as slang, and is then disagreeable to refined persons. Whether it is slang or not depends entirely on the motive of the person using it.

We wish that every one of our girls would join the Non-askers.

There can be no doubt that, for many reasons, committing poetry—good poetry—to memory is an excellent practice.

The poem you speak of was written, we believe, by a Mrs. Alexander, and appeared first in a small monthly publication, the *Christian Miscellany*, issued by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference Publication Office in London.

CARRIE MAIRE AND LOUISE QUINTARD—The array of Bird-defenders has adopted a preamble and resolutions, which fully explain "what it has to do." You will find them in Mr. Haskins' article, "For the Birds," in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1873, or in Letter-Box of the number for May, 1874.

CHARL writes: "Noticing that another contributor to your Riddle-Box is using the *nom de plume* 'Charl,' I suggest that it would be well for the latest Charl to select a different name."

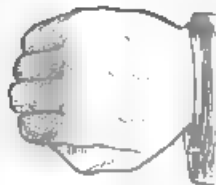
EDWIN S. BELKNAP wants to know how to make a sun-dial. Who can tell him?

OSWEGO BOY, who asks to be told "how to turn one's hand into an old woman."—As other young folks also may wish to see or exhibit this old woman during the fireside season, we will answer



your query by two pictures. The first will show you the markings of India-ink, or burnt cork, to be made on one hand (the left, not the right; our artist has made a mistake there); the second will show you how to double the same hand so as to form the old woman's face. You then put a little kerchief on her head, tying it under her chin, and Mrs. McGrundy is complete. By moving the bended thumb slowly the lady will appear to be opening and closing her mouth. A little practice will enable you to accompany this lip motion with appropriate speech, so that Mrs. McGrundy may say a few words to her admiring friends.

By way of variety, a small filled cap with a black band can be made for the old lady's use, and a sort of stuffed gown can be held up closely to the head by means of a cord secured to the gown and held tightly between the second and third fingers of the doubled fist.



BIRD-DEFENDERS.

THE army of Bird-defenders has received a large number of recruits since our last issue.

WILLIAM J. ELDRIDGE (who writes that he is keeping an alphabetical list of the Bird-defenders) sends, besides his own, the names of John J. Eldridge, Lizzie H. Eldridge, Alice G. Troth and Lillian S. Troth.

BERTHA J. RICKOFF, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends the following list: Fanny Beckwith, Alice Burrows, Annie Burrows, Maud Hanna, Anna Shipherd, Nellie Runcy, Lillian Harwood, Florence Hyde, Mabel Allen, Tilly Huntington, Maggie Huntington, Annie Smith, Abina Sanders, Willie Rickoff, Bell J. Watterson and Bertha J. Rickoff.

LIBBIE M. BUTLER sends her own and the following names: Minnie Clements, Ella Van Patton, Certe Layner and Jennie Butler.

CLINTON B. POE sends this list: Sam K. Poe, Robert A. Gregory, Arthur Kimerly, Carrie Johnson, Waldo Morgan, Jennie Lawrence and Clinton B. Poe.

CHARLIE J. BIGELOW joins the army, and sends other names, as follows: Frank Dingman, Willie Randall, Charlie Randall, Willie Eberlie, Nellie Burton, Sarah Pompenella and Hattie Sullivan.

FLORENCE B. LOCKWOOD asks to be enrolled in company with a few recruits: Katie Radford, Conchita Cisneros, Clemencia Mestre, E. J. Tiemann, M. C. Murray and Benoni Lockwood.

LILY F. CONKEY sends her second list: Cornelia W. Smith, Minnie Adams, Nellie Wilkinson, Helen Kellogg, Willie Dane, Minnie Ashley, Flora Page, Selina Steinitz, N. J. Spurr and Frank L. Douglass.

Besides the above, the following new names have been enrolled: John C. Howard, Sallie F. Bailey, Fred N. Luther, Mamie Beach and Lillie McGregor, Will E. Brayton, F. Green, George S. Brown, S. Weaver, Minnie L. Sherman, Rob R. Sherman, Katie T. Hughes, Ollie Hughes, Harry Wisn, Lizzie M. Bennett, Henry K. Gilman, Ruth and Mabel Davison, George F. Pease, Frankie L. Jones, Mabel W. Baldwin, Henry O. Riddell, Harry N. Coveil, A. R. Diamond, Willie G. Foom and Lincoln Righter.

"MACHEN."

Translation of German Sketch in December Number.

EARLY, when daylight appears, the peasant gets out of bed. He opens the chamber door and shuts it again, to go to his day's work, of which the beginning consists in lighting a fire, in order first of all to prepare the coffee. His wife meanwhile cleans the room, puts things in order, and arranges her hair. If she is long about it, her husband gives her a cross look. She does not really care much about that; but it is not very cheering to have the remark constantly made to you: "See that you hurry now; I am so worried, I can do nothing." At last, as he sets out to go to the fair, there is so bad a snow-storm that he hardly knows what to do, &c., &c.

Translations have been received from Corydon P. Karr, Fred W. McKee and S. A. Ammon, Joseph Jastrow, Sigismund Dormitzer, Carrie Hesse, Mary B. McCoy, Emily Schumann, Lizzie Bradford, James Espy, Edith W., Clara M. Gearhart, Willie E. Mayer and O. Smith.

THE question, "Who Was He?" in the paragraph of the December Letter-Box concerning a certain noted man, has been correctly answered by the following-named boys and girls, who send word that Dr. Samuel Johnson is the person referred to: Thomas Noel, Clara Lee, Libbie M. Butler, Mamie Wagner, T. C. Merrel, Georgie L. Blood, Nettie E. Williams, A. R. Diamond, Olive Pratt, Mamie Beach and Lillie McGregor, John O. C. Ellis, Laura A. Wilson, C. W. and M. P., Clifton B. Dare, Lizzie Johnson, May Ogden, Stella M. Luce, Edith W., five members of the reading-class of Mrs. E. P. T., Lillie F. Conkey and Nellie S. Colby.

OUR "Word-makers" will receive attention next month.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Nursery Noonings. By Gail Hamilton. Harper & Bros., New York. (A good strong book for parents.)

The Man in the Moon, and Other People. By R. W. Raymond. J. B. Ford & Co., New York. (A collection of very entertaining stories.)

R. Grant & Co.; or, Partnerships. By George L. Chaney. Roberts Bros., Boston. (A good book for boys.)

Children's Stories. By Eleven Harvard Sophomores. Roberts Brothers, Boston. (Capital for the little folks.)

A Practical and Critical Grammar of the English Language. By Noble Butler. John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.

Twilight Stories, by Miss B. C. Rogers; *Twenty Stories and Twenty Poems*, by Mrs. C. E. R. Parker; *Bob Tinker and His Friends*, by Mary E. C. Wyeth; *Bessie Kirkland*, by Mrs. M. E. Miller; *Lillie; or, The Little Christian's Toilet*, by Mrs. H. E. Brown; *Joe and Sally; or, A Good Deed and Its Fruits; Little Folks' Picture Book; Four "Dot" Books.* Published by the American Tract Society, New York.

Little Stories for Little People. By James Barron Hope, Norfolk, Va.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

Friendship's Gift. A collection of popular pieces, simplified by E. Mark. S. T. Gordon & Son, New York.

Fusionen Walts. Strauss.

Students' Ball Waltzes. Strauss.

The Happy Children. Six easy dances for the piano. By Jos. Rummel. S. T. Gordon & Son, New York.

Songs of Lapland and Finland. Translated and adapted to the music by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Philadelphia.



NICHOLAS! ST. NICHOLAS!

The "Ice-Boat Song," from "Hans Brinker."

GEORGE J. HOSS.

With Spirit.

1. Friend of sail-ors
2. While through wintry
3. Sun-ny spar-kles
4. Pret-ty gifts and

p *cresc.* *f* *p* *sempre staccato.*

Ped.

1 and of children! Double claim have we
2 air we're rushing, As our voices blend,
3 bright before us Chase a-way the cold!
4 lov-ing les-son, Fee-ti-val and glee,

As in youth-fal joy we're sailing O'er a fro-sen sea!
Are you near us? do you hear us, Nich-o-las, our friend!
Hearts where sunny thoughts are welcome, Never can grow old.
Bid us thank thee as we're calling O'er the froz-en sea.

1 Nich-o-las! Saint Nich-o-las!
2 Nich-o-las! Saint Nich-o-las!
3 Nich-o-las! Saint Nich-o-las!
4 Nich-o-las! Saint Nich-o-las!

Let us sing to thee,
Love can nev-er end,
Nev-er can grow old,
So we sing to thee!

1. Nich - o - las! Saint Nich-o-las! Let us sing to thee. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Let us sing to
 2. Nich - o - las! Saint Nich-o-las! Love can nev-er end. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Love can nev-er
 3. Nich - o - las! Saint Nich-o-las! Nev-er can grow old. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Nev-er can grow
 4. Nich - o - las! Saint Nich-o-las! So we sing to thee. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! So we sing to

ritard.

Ending for the 1st, 2d, and 3d verses. *Ending for the last verse.*

1. thee!
 2. end.
 3. old.

4. thee.

See.....

Fin.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

REVERSALS.

1. TAKE a word meaning to separate, reverse it, and find a snare for vermin. 2. Belonging to animals of a certain kind; reversed, to harter. 3. A pest to society; reversed, a kind of bird. 4. A nocturnal animal; reversed, an appendage to a cap. 5. A modern means of divination; reversed, a mineral. 6. To treat with contempt; reversed, small sweet-cakes. 7. An ancient poet or minstrel; reversed, a color. 8. Departed in haste; reversed, a kind of ware. R. G.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.

At the foot of a bed,
 And the base of the stair;
 In the night, and the light,
 In the back of a chair;
 On the old marble mantel,
 In the edge of the door;
 At the head of the table,
 And inside a store.

Now place me together,
 And, like the lost geese,
 The whole you'll find never,
 For I'm only a piece. ALDEBARAN.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

EVERY other letter is omitted. N-v-r-o-d-m-w-a-y-u-o-o-u-d-r-t-n. (A bit of proverbial advice worth heed-ing.) RUTHVEN.

CHARADE.

My second wakes when by my first
 The birds are set a-singing.
 And with the echo of their joy
 The forest deep is ringing.

My whole, a dainty, fragile thing,
 Braved wind and wave and tide,
 And now enshrined in history's page
 It lives, a nation's pride.

RIDDLE.

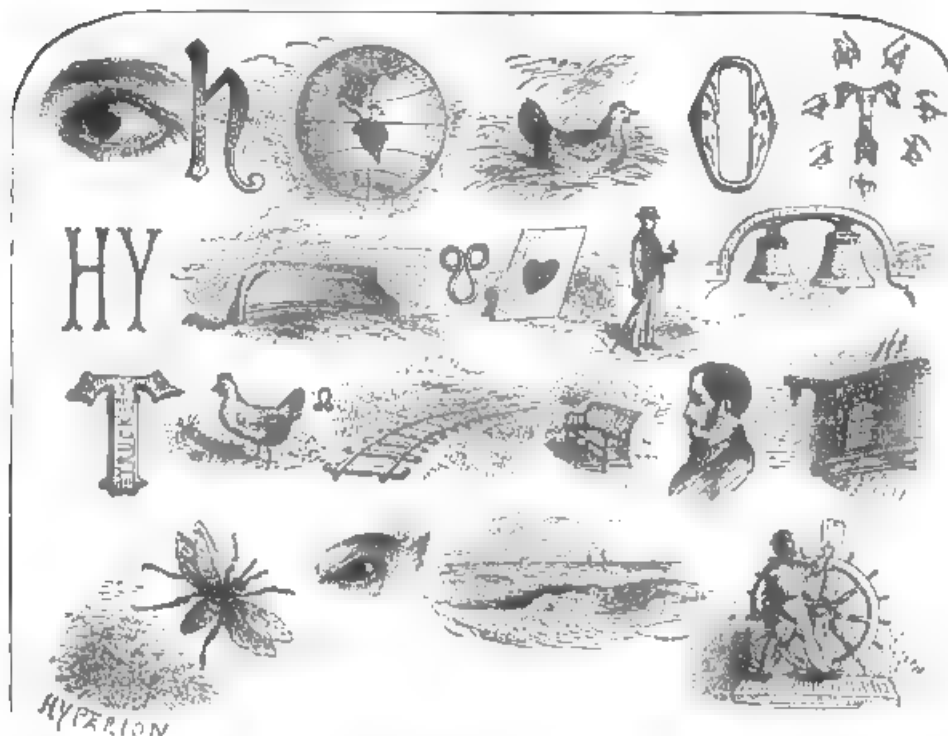
In my first, or my fourth, or it may be my third, you will find my second her whom you have been so long seeking, for she may become my whole. Marry her and get the money. P. V.

CROSS-WORD.

My first is in crow, but not in hawk;
 My second is in landing, but not in dock;
 My third is in horse, and also in mule;
 My fourth is in govern, but not in rule;
 My fifth is in patch, but not in mend;
 My sixth is in tear, but not in rend;
 My seventh is in trouble, but not in grief;
 My eighth is in robber, but not in thief;
 My ninth is in saw, but not in seen;
 My whole is the name of a wicked queen. T. W. M'G.

REBUS.

(The solution is a stanza from Tennyson's "In Memoriam.")



PUZZLE.

ONE hundred and one by fifty divide,
And then if a cipher be rightly applied,
And your computation agree with mine,
The answer will be one taken from nine. X.

COMBINED SQUARE-WORD AND DIAGONAL.

SQUARE-WORD: 1. Part of every carpet. 2. An open space. 3. Used in guiding horses. 4. A short breathing. Diagonals: A writing—a glimpse. M.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. To marry. 3. A mechanical power. 4. A cave. 5. A consonant. Reversed: 1. A consonant. 2. A boy's name. 3. A feast. 4. Moisture. 5. A consonant. J. S. R.

STAR PUZZLE.

1. SLANG for companion. 2. Deceased. 3. A color. 4. To make certain kinds of liquors. 5. To twist. C. A. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

A PLUM PUDDING.—1. Mace (M-ace). 2. Flour (Flower). 3. Clove (C-love). 4. Currents (currents). 5. Indian-meal. 6. Allspice (awl-s-p-ice). 7. Molasses (Mo-las-ses). 8. Candied lemon-pearl (candied-lemon-pearl). 9. Citron (sit run). 10. Suet (Sue-ate).

ENIGMA.—Do not judge the feelings of others by your own.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Rainbow, Sunbeam.—Riddles, Adieu, Indian, Nab, Believe, Opera, Wisdom.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—L, Wen, Repel, Ned, R.

RIDDLE.—Camel, Carmel, Caramel.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.—St. Nicholas, Saratoga, Tangarika, Nanking, Iceland, China, Himalaya, Obi, Lapland, America, Scotland.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Spin, pin, in. Charmed, harmed, armed.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—E, Ear, Easel, Red, I.

A PICTURE PUZZLE.—The inscription on the sign:

Rave not from pole to pole. The man in here
Will shave you close and smooth, from ear to ear;
And that without a scratch to mar your beauty.
Your hair he'll cut to suit you in a trice,
And when 'tis done, you'll marvel at the price.
Then let your wanderings stop,
And enter in this shop.

AN ENTERTAINMENT.—I rented neat, entertained, entered in at-estimate, time seat, I set meat—sixteen on, extension—side-table, blast idea, least I bade—several, reveals—meats, steam—Keats, takes, meak, skate—is grave, graves—I on no, onion—Arago sat, Saratoga—gets real be, vegetables—conversation, tin covers on a—amused, am used, made us—separate, ate pears—a speech, peaches—apricots, to a crisp—rice came, ice-cream—snew, wines, swine—left, felt.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER were received previous to December 18th, from James E. Whitney, Jr., Florence B. Lockwood, James Alexander, Jr., Milly I. Smith, Lizzie M. Park, M. E. and G. H., Bessie T. B. Benedict, "May B. Not," Susie A. Murray, James McCall, Jr., Mabel W. Baldwin, Jacob A. Hounstain, George Loutzenheier, Fannie Griswold, Carrie A. Johnson, E. H. E., Edgar L. R., Libbie M. Butler, Henry O. Riddell, Clara Lee, "Pennsylvania and California," Helen Worrell Clarkson, Adelle T. Peck and Lizzie M. Knapp, Florence Palmer, "May and Rhedia," Everett B. Clarke, Maggie Charlton, Harriet Lagourtz, Louise F. March, Clinton B. Poe, Charles George Martin, Alice W. Ives, Ruth C. Stetson, Mamie Beach and Lilie McGregor, Carrie L. Hastings, Edwin B. Saunier, Helen B. Fanchaz, Nanna Fife, John B. Neale, Frank E. Vaughan, Eva G. Wanzer, D. P. L. Postell, Laurens T. Postell, Susie M. Brown, Ida E. Christianity, John O. C. Ellis, Fred H. Wilson, Herbert E. Mathews, Lilian Carter, Clara Carter, Franklin M. Welch, A. L. Benedict, Lulu Isabel Needham, Bennie Melvin, Katie T. Hughes, Willie Thorn, Frank S. Halsey, Jessie Field, James J. Ormsbee, F. B. James, Agnes Stevens, Hattie Beecher Scoville, Ella Condie, Maggie T., Lizzie C. Brown, Eugenia C. Pratt, Eddie L. Heydecker, Robert Van Voorhis, Jr., Arthur M. Little, Willie Boucher Jones, John C. Howard, Sophie Winslow, Rachel Hutchins, Carleton Brabrook, Gerrie Bradley, Katie Walsh and Bessie Shubrick, Julia Dean Hunter, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Emily Bodstein, Arthur E. Smith, Stella M. Luce, Howard G. Nott, D. W. McCullough, Rosa M. Raymond, Arthur C. Burnham, Neenah M. Dunn, Florence B. Lockwood, Mary S. Wilcox, O. Smith, Lily F. Conkey, Freddy Forehand, Nellie S. Colby, John Ruggles Slack, M. L. Palmer, May Trumbull, Lury Barbour, Grace Nunemacher, George H. Smith, Jr., Lizzie C. Wells, and C. D. Benedict.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE answer contains eleven letters, and is the name of a river of the United States. The 1, 9, 11, 5 is a medium. The 8, 2 is an exclamation. The 10, 7, 6, 2, 4, 3, is a body of water.

RUTHVEN.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A SERVANT. 2. A sacred shield. 3. Rare. 4. A Hindoo chief. 5. A governor of a castle. 6. Looked obliquely.

RUTH G.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals, centrals, and finals form the names of three musical instruments. 1. Smooth. 2. Concord. 3. A soldier. 4. To environ. R.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

How d'ye do, again! Glad to see you, my dears. Do you know that, in very old times, March was the first month of the year? They deprived her of that honor long ago, but she has blustered about it ever since.

Her winds soon will be talking to the trees, and trying to make them think it is time to "turn over some new leaves." I listened one night last Spring. The moss declared that I snored so loud that she could not sleep. I felt sure that it was not I, but I quietly staid awake to see, and I soon discovered that it was Mr. Meddlesome Wind. He came romping through the woods, talking to everybody in our neighborhood; trying to give them bad dreams.

First I heard him say to the dear tree-branches:

"Rub each other; show some spirit; anything for fun; break your brother's arm off, and see how he will scold; hit the next tree a little,—she's a maple, and too weak to strike back! Ha! that's fun!"

The poor, sleepy branches did as he told them, and there was a regular family row up there.

One would suppose he might be satisfied then. But no; his fun was not complete until he had spoiled the solid comfort of our "feeble folk,"—the ferns and old leaves, and even the tiny things under them all.

So down he came, and made a great ado. He blew all the leaves about, calling out:

"You foolish things! to lie still here when you might as well take a frolic. Jump up and have a race! Never mind the baby-flowers! One cannot always be made a blanket of. Stand up for your rights, old leaves, and let the blossoms freeze. Who cares?"

He actually slapped me in the face a dozen times! He put his arm around the poor lady-ferns and proposed a waltz; but he almost twisted

them off their feet, and then laughed at them as he pushed them back against the bank. The moss slept away soundly, and only groaned once when some pine cones came pounding down on her head. But the next morning she began:

"How you did ——" When I informed her that it was old March Wind who snored, and if she did not believe me, she had better lie awake and judge for herself.

SERIOUS ACCIDENTS.

WHAT a dreadful place a school-house must be, and what shocking things happen there, if the talk of school-children is to be relied upon! Yesterday noon I heard a dozen of them speaking about the various incidents of the day. It was impossible to catch all they said, as three or four talked at once, but I managed to learn these startling facts:

Nelly Jones coughed fit to *split her sides!*

Kitty Carson nearly *died of laughing.*

That Lawrence boy actually *boiled over* with rage.

The teacher's eyes *shot fire.*

Nelly Murray recited *loud enough to take the roof off the house.*

Robby Fitz's eyes *grew as big as saucers.*

Tommy Hudson almost *ran his feet off.*

Susie Jennings *thought she'd burst.*

Ellen Walters *broke down completely!*

And yet it was an ordinary school-day.

CLOUDS.

I WONDER if my boys and girls ever study the clouds,—not to find fancy-pictures, but to learn the different kinds. Jack has fine times watching all the varieties. There's your *cirro cumulus*, or sonder cloud; your *cirrus*, or curl cloud; your *cirro-stratus*, or wane cloud; your *cumulus*, or pile cloud; your *cumulo-stratus*, or twain cloud, and your *nimbus*, or storm cloud. They're all different, and all well worth knowing. Look into this matter, my dears.

SHOOTING LAWYERS.

"ONE day when I was at the Orkney Islands," said the wild duck in one of our conversations, "I saw an islander walking along with a gun on his shoulder and a game-bag in his hand. He was met by a group of travelers from England, who had just landed.

"What sport?" cried one of them to the islander. "What sport have you had this morning?"

"Well, nothing very great," answered the man civilly enough. "I've only shot a brace of lawyers this morning."

"What?" screamed the travelers. "What! killed two lawyers, and talk about it as coolly as if you had only bagged a couple of birds!"

"And so I have," laughed the islander. "There is a bird here, a sort of puffin, that we Orkney folk always call *lawyers*. Why, you did n't think I meant *men*, did you?"

"And," continued the wild duck, "while the travelers thought it a dreadful thing to kill a lawyer

when the lawyer was a *man*, they thought nothing at all of it when the lawyer was a *bird*. Just as if a bird's life was n't worth as much to it as a man's life to him. Humph! Very queer, I think."

And with this the wild duck dived suddenly to catch a little perch that he fancied for his dinner.

Very queer world this, altogether, *Jack* thinks.

BRAZIL NUTS.

"If this is n't the queerest thing," said a bright little girl one day, in my hearing. "I can't find a sign of a stem on this Brazil nut."

"That's because the stem held on tight to the tree when the nut was picked off," said her companion.

"Yes, I know," said the other thoughtfully; "but in that case there'd be some kind of mark where the stem broke off. The fact is, *it does n't* seem to have any stem-end at all."

Now what do you make of that, my chicks? You've many a time eaten Brazil nuts, or my name's not Jack; but did ever you ask yourself how the nut had been fastened to the tree on which it was growing?

There *is* an explanation, but Jack wants to hear from the children before he says anything more on this subject.

A SEEDLING LIFTING A MILLSTONE.

TALKING of nuts, here's a story that the wind brought to me the other day. It had been printed in some newspaper, and most likely it is perfectly true, though Jack doesn't vouch for it:

"Walton Hall had at one time its own corn-mill, and when that inconvenient necessity no longer existed, the millstone was laid in an orchard and forgotten. The diameter of this circular stone measured five feet and a half, while its depth averaged seven inches throughout; its central hole had a diameter of eleven inches. By mere accident some bird or squirrel had dropped the fruit of the filbert-tree through this hole on to the earth, and in 1812 the seedling was seen rising up through that unwonted channel. As its trunk gradually grew through this aperture and increased, its power to raise the ponderous mass of stone was speculated on by many. Would the filbert-tree die in the attempt? Would it burst the millstone, or would it lift it? In the end the little filbert-tree lifted the millstone, and in 1863 wore it like a crinoline about its trunk, and Mr. Watertown used to sit upon it under the branching shade."

A SILK-LINED HOUSE.

I HEARD two little boys down by the brook to-day, talking about their fathers' houses, and boasting how grand they were. Johnny said his house had a velvet carpet in the parlor, and lace curtains at the windows. Willie said his house had splendid glass chandeliers, that sparkled like diamonds; and the walls were beautifully painted. I thought I would like to tell them about a house very much more wonderful than those they lived in, because it is builded by a small insect.

This house is made by a kind of spider that lives in California, and is called the mason-spider. His house is very marvelous for such a little fellow to make all by himself, without any hammer, or saw, or trowel, or axe, or nails, or plaster, or any such things as men use in building; and yet his mansion is fit for a little queen; for it is lined throughout with white silk!

This spider's house is nearly as large as a hen's egg, and is built of a sort of red clay, almost as handsome as the brown stone they are so proud of in New York city. It is cylindrical in shape. The top opens with a little trap-door, which is fastened with a tiny hinge, and shuts of itself. The door and inside are lined with the most delicate white silk, finer than the costliest dress ever worn by a lady.

Mr. Spider builds his house in some crevice, or bores a cylindrical hole in the clay, so that all is concealed from view except this tiny trap-door. When he sees any enemy approaching, he runs quickly to his silk-lined house, swings open the little door, goes in, and, as the door shuts tightly after him, holds it firmly by placing his claws in two openings in the white-silk lining of the door, just large enough to admit his little hands or feet, whichever you choose to call them; and here, nestled in this luxurious retreat, he bids defiance to all intruders.

I heard all about this spider from a gentleman who had been to California, and had brought home one of these red-clay, silk-lined houses. He was showing it to some children as they were walking near me. I wish you all could have seen it.

LOOKING AT A THING WITH DIFFERENT EYES.

ONE day Pat O'Reilly left his hoe lying on the grass, close beside me.

Along came a bird and a turtle, and the hoe instantly caught their attention.

"Umph!" grunted the turtle. "See that back-breaker! One of those things killed my cousin."

"Pe-week!" said the bird, softly. "If there is n't a worm-finder! Many a fine dinner it's turned up for me!"

Just then the ox, raising his head from the grass, glanced across the meadow.

"Ugh! the mean little man-plow! What good is it compared with one of our fine ox-plows, I'd like to know? The contemptible little thing!"

"Hail to thee, noble friend!" called a crow, out of the blue sky. "A cornfield where thou hast not been is not worth visiting."

At this, a number of upstart weeds near by tossed their heads scornfully.

By that time, a sort of slug was working its way along the hoe-handle.

"Well, if this is n't the longest, most prodigious bridge I ever was on," grunted the slug. "Catch me trying to cross by it again. What is it good for, anyway?"

Thereupon, a turnip, that had fallen from a wagon, pricked up its stem a little.

"Good for!" he echoed faintly. "Why, good for raising turnips, to be sure. That blessed implement did wonders for me and mine this season."

Here another echo came, but so faint, so like a sigh that it was pitiful to hear it.

"Blessed implement! did he call it? I call it a murderer. It killed my mother and all my sisters!"

Poor little daisy!

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE comes a letter all the way from Germany:

Stuttgart.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: No other subscriber can be more delighted than I am when your dear magazine arrives. I always read everything, except the Latin story, which I could not understand. The German and French stories I read and understand, but I never send you translations, because they would reach you too late. My school studies take up a good deal of time, and then I take walks in the beautiful environs of this city, which is surrounded by hills, as only toward the valley of the Neckar the country is flat. These hills are covered with vineyards; but south of the city there is quite a large forest. On the summits of some of them benches are placed, and, after a long walk, we often rest there and enjoy the lovely view extending around us.

The King of Württemberg has several villas in the neighborhood, and frequently idlers are seen slowly walking through the rooms or the gardens of these places. But not every one is allowed to enter. Cards of admission must be procured, and the person who shows you the grounds expects a remuneration.

A few weeks ago, we went to the Wilhelma, certainly the most elegant of the villas near Stuttgart. It is built in the Moorish style, and the gardens and hot-houses are renowned all over Europe, they say. I wish Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit could have accompanied me and admired the lovely plants. Only two or three kinds were blooming, but these were so very beautiful that I could not want to see more. First we passed through two houses containing only rhododendron, but there was such a great variety that there seemed to be fifty different kinds of flowers. The next house was filled with camelia trees, also in bloom.

I need not join Mr. Haskins' ranks either; the law protects the birds here. Isn't that good?

Yours truly,

ANNA HELMER.

Corydon, October 3d, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: About a week ago I was down in the woods and found a strange plant, at least it is strange to me. I send you a drawing of it, natural size; but the strange part is that stalk, leaves, flower and everything, except the ends of the stamens, are of the purest white—a clear, brittle-looking white. The leaves are nearly transparent; the ends of the stamens are yellow.

If you will tell me, through the Letter-Box, what it is, or will publish this letter and picture, and let some of the readers of the Letter-Box give their opinion, you will very much oblige a particular friend of the ST. NICHOLAS.

VILLA.

VILLA.—The plant which you describe is the "Indian pipe." It is quite common in dark and rich woods, growing at the roots of the trees, and turning black soon after being gathered. Your picture and description of it are excellent.

It will interest many of our readers to know that the story, "Why Walter Changed his Mind," in this number, is founded upon fact, a little girl of ten having actually saved a child of seven in the manner described.

GEORGE R. (and all who have asked us questions about binding their numbers of ST. NICHOLAS).—You will find in our January Letter-Box an answer to William B. S., which will tell you how to get a handsome bound volume in exchange for your twelve monthly numbers. The publishers' notice at the bottom of our table of contents, on the second cover-page, will also give you the information you want.

If you will send us seventy-five cents, we will forward you, postage paid, a handsome cover for vol. i., which almost any bookbinder will put on for twenty-five cents. This cover will also make a very useful portfolio, in which you can keep the numbers as they come each month, and at the end of the year you can have them bound in this same cover.

In sending your numbers by mail, be careful to write **111** that you wish to say in the letter in which you send the dollar for the binding and the thirty-two cents for return postage. Nothing must be written on the magazines, nor must you write anything on the outside of the package but the address of the publishers—"Scribner & Co., 634 Broadway, N. Y." Anything more than this may subject the whole package to letter postage.

LULIE GRAY asks: "Can you tell me where I can find the following quotation: 'My May of life is fallen into the sea, the yellow leaf?'"

The quotation is from Shakespeare's play of "Macbeth," act v., scene 3, where it reads, however:

"My way of life
Is fallen into the sea, the yellow leaf."

Thus written, it was somewhat hard to understand, and the line, as Lulie quotes it, is a reading of Johnson's, who first suggested that the *w* might be an *m* inverted by a printer's error, and that if read, "My *May* of life," the meaning would be clear.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: A few evenings ago father read aloud to us children a piece out of the "Atlantic" that was all about whether animals have souls or not. The man that wrote the piece thought they had. I don't feel sure of it myself, but I'm sure that some animals are mighty smart. We have a gray horse that is so gentle that we children can drive it all around. One time he hurt his foot, and was lame. So whenever we drove him we let him go very slow, because we did not want to hurt him. After awhile he got well again, and now he is n't lame at all; but when we want him to go fast he will look around, and if **111** sees no one but children behind him he will pretend to be lame, so that we will not urge him. He tried it on when father was behind him once or twice, but father laughed at him and called him a lary old fellow, so since then he does n't try it with father, but he does n't mind what we call him.

We keep five dogs, and they do a great many cunning things that I should like to tell you about; but one thing that Speck (the black and tan terrier) did the other day was smart and foolish, both at once. I'll tell you about it.

Robins and other birds are in the habit of coming around our back-door a great deal to pick up the crumbs, and Speck is very fond of chasing them. One day he chased them about till they all flew up into a tree. Now Speck gets his dinner every day by *berrying* for it, that is, standing up on his hind legs and crossing his fore-paws and shaking them. So now if he did n't just go under that tree and stand there for 'most a half-an-hour waiting and begging for the birds to come down! You could n't help but laugh to see him.

Yours respectfully,

JIMMY D.

C. M. LEWIS writes: "I wish you would tell me when the day 'Michaelmas' comes, and also what it is noted for."

"Michaelmas" comes on the 29th of September. It derives its name from its being the day, appointed in the calendar of the Romish Church, for the celebration of the feast of St. Michael. It was formerly chosen as the time for the election of civil magistrates throughout the different provinces of England, and was also noted for the custom of eating roast goose upon that day,—a practice so old that it has never been traced to its origin. The fact that Queen Elizabeth once ate goose on the 29th of September, at the house of a certain earl, has been stated as a reason for the observance; but the "Michaelmas goose" is known to have been eaten before her reign.

H. B. F., and others.—Of the boys and girls who sent answers to the conundrum picture, those whose lists contained more than seven mistakes did *not* receive honorable mention.

WORD-MAKING.

Edward Dudley Tibbitts' challenge "to make more than 34 words in common use out of the word ENLIGHTEN," has received a ready acceptance from a large number of boys and girls, and with the following result: Ernest E. Hubbard sends a list of 134 words; Willie S. Burns and Walter L. Cowles send lists of 73 words each; R. L. Masseneau and Walter B. Snow, each 70; J. Station and James B. Herrick, each 63; Nanno Fife, 62; Carleton Brabrook and John Spafford, each 61; Fortman C. Griswold and Frank Russell Miller, each 60; Ruth and Mabel Davison, 60; S. R. C., Howard G. Nott, May Trumbull and Lucy Barbour, each 57; Arthur D. Potter and

Franklin W. Kellogg, each 56; Maggie Selby, 54; E. S. Richardson, John O. C. Ellis and Lizzie Johnson, each 53; Mary L. Smith, Louise Quintard, Lilla M. Hallowell and M. N. S., each 51; "Pittsburgh," H. H. De Barr, Jamie S. Newton, Florence E. Lane, Arthur W. Hall and George L. Webster, each 50; Will E. Brayton, 49; E. L. Johnson, William H. Baker and K. E. B., each 48; Klyda Richardson, 47; Willie E. Mayer, 46; Richard Aldrich, L. Wickawee, Ada Y. Wood, "Captain Jack," Henry R. Baker, Katie T. Hughes, Edward Van Voorhis and James B. Baker, each 45; Lillian G., "Castor and Pollux" and Lyman A. Cheney, each 44; Fred M. Thomas, 43; V. R. C. and Fred A. Pike, each 42; Nellie Richards, Helen B. Fancher and "Violette," each 41; George H. Gardner and "A Subscriber," each 40; C. W. and M. P., each 39; Henry R. Gilman, 39; Robert B. Corey, 37; Stella Clarke, 36. Nicholas Brewster, Jr., sends a list of 106 words—77 in common use, 11 geographical and 18 not in common use; Herbert M. Lloyd, a list of 102 words—about 15 not in common use; and William G. Wilcox, 50 in common use, and 27 others.

Irving W. James' challenge concerning the word "Perpendicular," has also met with a general response, as follows: John Ruggles Slack sends a list of 650 words; Maggie T., a list of 420 words; John O. C. Ellis, 324; Willie S. Burns, 324; Fannie C. Johnson, 270; Mary L. Smith, 257; Alice A. B., 238; May Trumbull and Lucy Barbour, 218; M. G. Bates, 210; "Florence," 206; Elsie L. Shaw and Rosa M. Raymond, each 180; Henry R. Gilman, 177; "Bessie," 150; Ada Y. Wood, 140; William J. Eldridge, 132; Helen E. Fancher, 126; Robert B. Corey, 122.

Wm. H. S. sends a list of 805 words obtained from "Metropolitan;" Arthur J. Burdick accepts Joseph Morse's invitation to "try again," and this time sends a list of 600 words; James R. Parsons sends 570; Robert B. Corey, 525; and Ada Y. Wood, 472.

From "Cumberland," Mina K. Goddard has derived 329 words; Daisy Lee, 300; and Ada Y. Wood, 244. Ada also sends 312 words from "Perambulations," and May Trumbull and Lucy Barbour have made 433 from the same word.

Eva and Lizzie Kleinhaus have made 84 words out of the letters of the word "Carpel."

HARTFORD "GRANDMA."—It was a real disappointment to us not to be able to find a place in ST. NICHOLAS for your capital rhymed answer to our conundrum picture. The lines have afforded much amusement to all who have seen them, and made the editors wish to hear from the author again.

MARY G.—*Dolce far niente* is an Italian phrase, and means "delightful idleness."

Columbus, Ind.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in your magazine, and this morning I thought I would write you a few lines. I live in Columbus, Indiana, situated on the east fork of the White River. It is a small town, having between four and five thousand inhabitants. Some people say it was settled before Chicago. It is now rapidly growing, and is promising to be a fine city. We have water-works, gas, woolen-mills, wheel-factory, and a very fine new court-house and jail. The court-house is the finest in the State, except the Indianapolis court-house, which is not yet completed. We have also a fine public school.—Yours truly,

LESLIE RICHARDSON.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

THE army of Bird-Defenders will be ready to undertake a grand campaign during the Summer months of this new year. It is receiving accessions by whole battalions as the time for the return of the birds approaches. To begin with, Hollie Paxon sends the names of a company of fifty boys and girls, who are now pledged to the defense of the birds: Anna Dougherty, Katie Stanley, Lizzie Waters, Mattie Cheming, Anna Seibert, Mary Henderson, Lizzie Thomas, Etta Winer, Flora Robinson, Nellie Stanley, Lizzie Stanley, Lizzie Reid, Lizzie Elston, Gussie Richardson, C. Rose, Geo. Steward, Eddie Lescin, Anna Dinkhorn, Martha Walker, Hannah Loring, Anna Obero, M. Levinberger, Maria Gunn, Nellie Mortz, Jesse Rowe, Gussie Minor, Martha Brothers, Lottie Degrodt, Lulu Allen, Annie Smith, Hettie Walker, Tennis Degrodt, Willie Paxon, Freddie Paxon, Emma McGinnes, Kate Rice, Nonie Glenn, D. Corstophen, Bella Herring, Ella Stephenson, Mollie Parker, Fannie

Kerney, S. Reynolds, C. Riley, T. Osborne, Mollie Murphy, L. Worack, Flora Worack, Harry Livenberger, Hollie Paxon.

KATIE H. ALLAN sends the following list: Hannah A. Seabury, Carrie W. Crandall, Fannie G. Gladding, Lizzie H. Vernon, Mary M. Swinburne, Eloise P. Hazard, Anna C. Kelley, Annie M. Wilcox, Lillie C. Kenyon, Mattie B. Simmons, Maria J. Barker, Nellie L. Bryer, Bessie S. Allan, Mamie L. Allan, Mattie A. Stevens, Mamie M. Engs, Minnie C. Tracy, Susie L. Griffith, Ella L. Peckham and Katie H. Allan.

ALLIE G. RAYMOND sends the following names: Dana Ellery, Allie Fay, Hattie L. Kendall, Connie S. Weston, Raymond G., Hal S. Howard, Charlie H. Howard, Emma F. Howard, Minnie G. Howard, Percy D. Stuart, Harold F. Garson, Jamie Rosa, Katie Ellis, Arthur Elliot, Charlie Elliot, Lolo D. Warren, Carrie Preston, Cora S. Ashton, Mabel G. Ashton, Fred Bell, Gerrie H. Norton, Irwin Percy, Arthur Percy, Nellie R. Harris, Allan H. Sherwin, Bertie G. Sherwin, Edie L. Sherwin, Robbie G. Fielding, Lily Stanton, Daisy Stanton, Bessie H. Carleton, Ernest C. Duncan, Fred S. Duncan, Harry L. Duncan, Florence G. Kingsley, Edith F. Willis, Clifford A. Parker, Leslie Bartlett, Alfred Searns, Sylvie D. Bertram, Helen G. Lewis, Howard E. Allison, Edgar Loring, Winthrop J. Nicholson, Alice W. Denham, Ethelwyn Rossiter, Allie G. Raymond.

DAISY LEA joins the army, and sends a list as follows: Eunice Cecil, Blanche Clifford, Ida Lee, Carrie Bell, Lily Bell, Robbie Clifford, Launcelot Lee, Daisy Lee, Georgie Clark, Lilla Clark.

And here are the names of some California recruits, sent by J. N. Moore: Eddie Soper, James Dodd, George Scroder, John Murphy, Earnest Rouse, Clarence Esterbrook and C. Leland; Carrie Heim, Belle Bird, Mollie Smith, Nettie Castle, Belle Henry, Ella Young, Nettie Berglar, J. N. Moore.

"A BROTHER" sends the names of Emma, Eugene, Maggie and Dannie Van Vleck; and other names have been received as follows: C. M. Lewis, Irving Fish, A. A. Caemmerer, O. E. Reunir, Fannie M. MacDonald, Theodore M. Purdy, C. C. Anthony, Lenie J. Olmsted, Kittie M. Olmsted, Mamie Doud, Charlie Lupton, Kate M. Lupton, Bettie Peddicord, Mina K. Goddard, Aloszo E. Locke, Newton Wyckoff and Gerty Wyckoff.

DEAR EDITORS: I am only ten years old; but I like the ST. NICHOLAS so much, I thought I would try to do something for it. So I tried how many times I could put the word "Eke" into a word-square of three letters. I put it in forty-two times. I enclose a copy. Please ask in the Letter-Box if some one will do any better.

From your friend,

ANONYMOUS.

With the above note, came forty-two neatly written word-squares, with occasional repetitions, all made on the word "Eke." For want of space we can give only five of them.

N E W	P E N	B E D	Y E W	R E D
E K E	E K E	E K E	E K E	E K E
W E T	N E T	D E N	K E Y	F E W

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is the calla a lily, as many affirm? I do not think it is, and give as my authority "Wood's Class-Book of Botany," published in 1848. I find in this that the Ethiopian calla is a plant from the Cape of Good Hope; that it belongs to the order *aracea* (or *aradi*) and genus calla, which has only one other variety, the *calla palustris*, or Northern calla, from which the Laplanders extract a wholesome breadstuff. It is proper to speak of the calla lily, I would like to know on what authority.—Yours respectfully,

ABBY G. SHAW.

We think the above objection a very proper one, and the statement substantially correct. At any rate, we find no authority for the use of the term. But it would be well for the boys and girls to look into the matter.

Oconto, October 5, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I will state to the boys of ST. NICHOLAS that they ought not to carry their guns pointed down, as Harry Loudon told Kate to; but always carry it pointed up; for in case it is pointed down, if it should go off, it might blow off the toes of the person in front of you, or if it is pointed too low, it might blow off your own, while if it is pointed up it will not be likely to hurt anybody.—Yours respectfully,

GEORGE L. THURSTON, age 10 years.

We would say to our little friend, and to boys who use guns, that good sportsmen carry their guns as Harry did, but they do not point them at their toes. It would be very hard to carry a gun under your

arm and point it at your toes. If a gun carried properly in this way goes off accidentally, the load will probably be discharged into the ground. It would be very tiresome and awkward, especially when walking under trees, to carry a gun upright, and if it is allowed to lie on the shoulder in a horizontal position it is very dangerous indeed to persons near by. But there is no way to carry a gun that is not dangerous if you are not careful.

S. A. A.—ST. NICHOLAS says "No."

THE following note is from a little girl who is evidently a *real* Bird-defender:

Montgomery, Nov. 30, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little sister Ollie had a bird given her the other day, that had been caught in a trap, and she put it in a cage and fed it so good that he seemed to like it right well; but she gave it to me, and I turned it right out. Mamma said that she ought to, too; but she now says that she never wants to cage a bird again. Please put Ollie and myself down as Bird-defenders.

KATIE T. HUGHES.

LILIAN G.—We do not enroll as Bird-defenders those who do not send us their full names.

Our frontispiece this month is from an illustration to "La Fontaine's Fables," published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin. It was drawn by Gustave Doré, the great French artist.

MARK W. COLLET says that Max Adeler wrote the verse quoted in our January number commencing:

"T is midnight and the setting sun."

He also says: "She has not quoted it quite correctly; it should be 'far, far West,' instead of 'far glorious West.'"

THE writer of the following is certainly the champion egg-boy, so far:

Yonkers, January 13, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading in your issue of July, 1874, of the number of eggs laid by hens of J. Ernest Farnham, it seemed so large an amount (three thousand) that we kept account of the number of eggs laid by our hens during the year 1874. We at first had twenty-five hens, but at the end of the year only sixteen were left. These hens laid during the year three thousand three hundred and twenty-five eggs. They are common hens, of no particular breed.

GEO. A. FLAGG.

The greatest number of eggs laid in any one day was nineteen.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



QUERIES

Concerning the above picture:

1. WHAT fruit has the man on his table?
2. Why has he never any goods to sell?
3. Why is the pair of shoes which he has just finished mending, like Henry Clay and Daniel Webster?
4. How do you know that he will never make another shoe after the one in hand?
5. How do you know that his hat could contain everything he owns?
6. Why are his goods immortal?
7. What style of pleasuring do these shoes represent?
8. Why may they be supposed to be rheumatic? A. S.

METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am a vessel; change my head, and I am a bird; again, and I am an enclosed ground; again, and I am a line.

A. C. B.

CHARADE.

THE egotist my first employs—
It completes his bliss;
The schoolboy finds it in a noise,
The lover in a kiss.

When on the field, in dread array,
Opposing legions wait the fray;
When trumpets sound and banners wave,
The watchword, Victory, or the grave;
Where'er my second may be found,
The bravest knights will there abound.

What though my third the soldier spurns,
With undisguised disdain;
To it the farmer gladly turns,
To cultivate the plain.
My whole a gallant warrior's name,
The idol of the fair;
A wizard celebrates his fame—
You'll find my subject there.

E. L. C. G.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD an animal, and leave capable.
2. Behead a large fish, and leave to listen; behead again, and leave a vessel.
3. Behead loosen, and leave want.
4. Behead to draw back, and leave a ledge; again, and leave a measure.
5. Behead a flower, and leave a black substance.
6. Behead a tree, and leave a curved structure.

A. C. B.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. FRONT.
2. A precious stone.
3. An instrument of torture.
4. Animals.

NIP.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE finals and initials name one of the most distinguished sculptors of modern times. 1. Lethargy. 2. Strange. 3. An abode. 4. A medley. 5. Conceited. 6. To unite.

RUTHVEN.

RIDDLE.

I AM hard, and bright, and fleeting;
My fond heart with love is beating;
Yet you idly toy with me.
Toy with me? Aha! first catch me!
Upward look, admire and watch me;
Listen to my melody.

There, you've broken me! What made you?
I am mortal, I would aid you;
Kill you also, if I could!
Silken soft, yet born to sorrow;
Far too frail to see to-morrow;
I am chiefly made of wood.

SOPHIE MAY.

CURTAILMENTS.

1. CURTAIL a country, and leave a coin. 2. Curtail a marine animal, and leave a body of water. 3. Curtail a gem, and leave a fruit; again, and leave a vegetable. 4. Curtail a flower, and leave kitchen utensils. 5. Curtail a waterfowl, and leave a beverage. 6. Curtail a long gown, and leave to plunder. 7. Curtail scarcely sufficient, and leave to examine closely.

A. C. B.

TRANSMUTATIONS.—A New Puzzle.

(THE solution to each Transmutation consists of a single word, which tells what the letter becomes. One syllable of this word has the sound of the letter, and the other syllables express the conditions under which the letter becomes the right answer. Thus the answer to the first is Deranged, or D-ranged.)

1. A letter is made crazy by being placed in order. 2. A letter becomes an island when surrounded by a belt. 3. A letter is pleased when set on fire. 4. A letter falls in love when it is beaten. 5. A letter is hated when it is examined! 6. A letter becomes a sailor when it leaves the house. 7. A letter is filled with crystals when it becomes a creditor. 8. A letter becomes musical when it is made thick. 9. A letter changes its shape when empty. 10. A letter is seen when it is spotted. 11. Another is seen when taken in the hand. 12. When a letter is perforated it draws near the ocean. 13. It costs money for a letter to be thoughtful. 14. A letter is always slandered when it becomes noted. What letters are they?

CHARL.

LOGOGRIPH.

MY whole is a gem. Behead me, and I am a nobleman; curtail me, and I am a fruit; curtail me again, and I am a vegetable; behead and transpose me, and I am genuine; transpose me again, and I am one of Shakespeare's characters.

E. B. H.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

THE first is in vast, but not in great;
The second is in match, but not in mate;
The third is in latch, but not in gate;
The fourth is in lure, but not in bait;
The fifth is in day, but not in date;
The sixth is in love, but not in hate;
The seventh is in talk, but not in prate;
The eighth is in price, but not in rate;
The ninth is in life, but not in fate;
The tenth is in tremble, but not in shiver;
The whole is an American river.

RUTHVEN.

EASY REBUS.

(Make three words of the above picture.)

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.**HORIZONTAL.**

MY first, an article, is found
In common use the world around;
The last of all, my next is shown—
That nothing follows it you'll own;
My third names places for safe-keeping,
Used both in waking and in sleeping;
My fourth means something bright of hue—
Like sunset clouds that flush the blue,
As beauty's cheek bright blushes do;
My fifth may be the friend you claim,
For any girl a pretty name;
My sixth expresses what is lighted—
As skies with stars to men benighted;
My seventh a simple letter brings,
That often means a hundred things.

PERPENDICULAR.

MY first a consonant is found,
Quite carelessly we roll it round;
My next you do when, play forsook,
Your mind is fixed upon your book;
My third, as often as he chooses,
The artist in his studio uses;
My fourth, in poet's nomenclature,
Is always heavenly in its nature;
My fifth expresses, as you'll see,
Something given out by you or me;
My sixth, a pen—but understand,
It needs no ink or guiding hand;
My seventh, with contradictions rife,
Begins all evil, ends all strife.

J. P. B.

BURIED PLACES.

1. I KNOW I have nice gloves. 2. Is it true that hens hatch ducks' eggs? 3. Did you see papa rise in the midst of them? 4. Don't wake Nap, lest he bite you. 5. Yes, I am going to start for Europe to-morrow. 6. A clever artisan, Francis Conway by name. 7. That naughty boy with arms akimbo stoned a cat. 8. Golconda has a large trade in diamonds.

A. F. R.

A PICTORIAL ENIGMA.



(The central picture represents the whole word, from the letters of which the words represented by the other pictures are to be formed.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

REVERSALS.—1. Part—trap. 2. Paws—swap. 3. Liar—rail. 4. Bat—tab. 5. Raps—spar. 6. Snub—buns. 7. Hard—drab. 8. Fled—delf.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.—Dribblet

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—Never condemn what you do not understand.

CHARADE.—May-flower.

RIDDLE.—Inheritor.

REBUS.—

I hear the noise about thy keel,
I hear the bell struck in the night,
I see the cabin-window bright,
I see the sailor at the wheel.

CROSS-WORD.—Cleopatra.

PUZZLE.—Clo, one of the nine Muses.

COMBINED SQUARE-WORD AND DIAGONAL.—Warp, Area, Reio, Pant.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Monongahela.

SQUARE-WORD.—Vessel, Ancile, Scarce, Sinder, Alcade, Lecrad.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—Level, Unity, Trooper, Enclose.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—L, Wed, Lever, Den, R.

STAR PUZZLE.—

P
A
R
D
O
N

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN JANUARY NUMBER were received previous to January 18, from Mary C. Foster, Frank S. Halsey, Eddie H. Eckel, James J. Ormsbee, R. M. Carothers, Egbert P. Watson, Jr., Constant E. Jones, Llewellyn W. Jones, Florence Graham, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Bessie H. Van Cleef, J. B. C., Jr., K. H. Allan, Lottie Ellis, Horace U. Kennedy, Fannie M. MacDonald, Minnie Wilson, Guerdon H. Cooke, "Betsey Trotwood," Fred M. Osgood, Clarence Dellam, Emma Larrabee, Mary J. Tilghman, Wilson E. Skinner, Emma P. Morton, Fred B. Collins, Jessie Barnes, "Plymouth Rock," C. C. Anthony, Philip Gray, Maria D. Atkins, H. Wigmore, Helen B. Fanchart, Blanche Nichols, Nellie Grensel, "Pierre," Mamie and Annie Newell, Louise J. Olmsted, Homer Bush, Clotilde F. Stem, Addie S. Church, W. H. Rowe, Jessie Ames, Nellie S. Colby, Arthur J. Burdick, Lizzie C. Wells, A. A. D., Fannie E. Winchell, "A Constant Reader," Frances M. Woodward, Thomson M. Ware, Julia Dean Hunter, Robert Van Voorhis, Jr., Lizzie Van Voorhis, Mark W. C. George F. Curtis, "Grandmother and her Children," May Keith, Frank Havens, Edward Roome, "Little Chuy," Alexis I. M. Coleman, Octavia Ficklin, Meta Gage, Maggie B. Hilliard, Katie Hilliard, Bessie W. Prince, and George Crockett.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

LAST April, my darlings, we had some fine April-fool stories, and so, of course, you 'll look for them this time; but there are none. That's Jack's little joke, you see.

Instead of them, I 'll give you something you 'll delight in,—good advice. Don't be April fools, my dears, nor May fools, nor June fools, nor any kind of fools, if you can help it. Be hearty, wide-awake, merry, and frolicsome, as you please; be tricksome, too, in a good-natured, true-hearted way, but don't be fools. So endeth Jack's sermon. Now we 'll have

A SLIGHT INTERRUPTION.

THE other day the little schoolma'am received a letter from Germany, and, as good luck would have it, she read a part of it, in my hearing, to her young charges during the noon play-hour. She said, at the time, "it ought to be printed;" so Jack offers no apology for repeating it to you, as nearly as he can recollect it:

"I 'll tell you," the writer said, "of a little incident that happened here lately:

"Frau Roleke and her children were returning from a visit to Frankfort-on-the-Main by way of the Thuringian Railroad. From the time they left that place until nearly dusk, the little ones had kept up a merry prattle about the wonderful sights they had seen in the great city. But as dusk deepened into dark they showed unmistakable signs of fatigue. So the kind mother began to tell them stories. I must tell you just here that the cars on these European railroads are not like yours in America, but are divided into separate compartments, or carriages, which have seats along each side, and a door at each end. Frau Roleke and her children were alone in one of these carriages, and the latter were listening eagerly while she narrated the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, when suddenly the door flew open and little Fritz fell out into the darkness. With great difficulty Frau Roleke, by pulling a bell-rope, secured the stoppage of the train, and the men, hurrying back with their lanterns, met Fritz crying and calling, 'Die mutter! die mutter!' His face was all covered with blood, but he proved not to be seriously hurt, and his mamma soon wiped the blood from the dear, scratched little face. When all were settled in the car once more, little Fritz looked up into the mother's face and said, in a voice which made her smile through her tears: 'Mamma, wont you go on with the story? You did n't finish it after I was gone, did you?'"

TOO MUCH TO BELIEVE.

ONE day, Farmer Robson's old hen came scratching about in my meadow, and just then the pretty schoolma'am tripped by with two of her children. She was talking to them about the fish called the sturgeon.

"Yes, my dears," she was saying, "I read it this very morning in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Nine hundred and twenty-one thousand six hundred eggs have been found in a single sturgeon!"

"My! what a lot!" exclaimed one of the children; "and if every egg gets to be a sturgeon, and every one of the new sturgeons lays just as many, just think what heaps and heaps of grandchildren a sturgeon must have."

The teacher laughed. They walked on; and suddenly I heard a sort of gulp.

It was the old hen. I never in my life saw any living creature in such a state. She was so mad she could hardly keep inside of her feathers.

"Nine hundred thousand eggs!" she exclaimed (you would have thought she was only trying to cluck her head off, but Jack understood every word), "nine hundred thousand egg-gug-gug-gugs! Don't believe a word of it! Never was such a thing since the world began—sturgeon, indeed! Never even heard of such a bird. What 'll school-teachers say next, I wonder? Nine hundred-thousand egg-gug-gug-gugs indeed!"

The last I saw of that hen, she was strutting off indignantly toward the barn-yard to tell the other hens all about it.

HERBIVOROUS ANIMALS AND CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

THERE 's a big sentence for you to contemplate, my children! It means plant-eating animals and animal-eating plants. You 've often seen the first,—that is, animals that eat grasses, vegetables, and so on; but have you ever seen plants that live by eating animals? No? Well, there really are such things. There is a common plant called the bladderwort. It grows in marshy places, and what do you think it lives upon? Why, upon the lively water-bear, of which ST. NICHOLAS gave you a picture last month. But you shall read for yourself the newspaper account that the winds sent to me:

"ANOTHER ANIMAL-EATING PLANT FOUND.—The carnivorous vegetables have received an accession at the hands of Mrs. Mary Treat, who reveals the secret habits of the bladderwort to a degree that makes one shudder at the cunning villainy it shows. The bladderwort is a very common marsh plant, with long, slender, pliant stems, a fine frill of leaves, queer tufted flowers, and having scattered among its leaves, or on its bare stems, little pear-shaped bladders, which have been vulgarly supposed of use to float the plant. Mrs. Treat, who is a naturalist of growing note, with her inquiring microscope noticed in some of these bladders, a year ago, sundry dead animalcula, and since then has domesticated the bladderwort and watched its ways, until she knows that it not only most ingeniously traps wretched little water-bears and larvae, but has a moral certainty that it absorbs their juices. She has seen the victims done to death many a time."

THE LONGEST WORD.

"ROB," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?"

"Don't know," said Rob, "unless it's a swearing word."

"Pooh!" said Tom, "it's *stumbled*, because

you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter."

"Ha! ha!" said Rob. "Now I've one for you. I found it one day in the paper. Which is the longest word in the English language?"

"Valetudinarianism," said Tom promptly.

"No, sir; it's *smiles*, because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter."

"Ho! ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I know a word that has over *three* miles between its beginning and ending."

"What's that?" asked Rob, faintly.

"*Belaguered*," said Tom.

WHY ISN'T THE OFFER TAKEN UP?

FOR five years past, a rich farmer in our neighborhood has made a standing offer of \$10,000 in gold for a double set of cow's teeth,—that is, the upper and lower rows complete. Yet his offer has never been taken up. Who can tell me why?

SURVEYORS SAVED BY A HORSE.

BOYS, as young surveyors are very popular with you just now, you shall hear a true story that is well told in a paper called the *Turf, Field, and Farm*:

"Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the north-western part of Illinois, when a violent snow-storm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a forest of about eighty acres in a large prairie, nearly twenty miles from any other trees. The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as to almost blind them.

"When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon footprints in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks. It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and if they had to pass the night there, in the cold and snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning. While they were shivering with fear and cold, the chief man caught sight of one of their horses, a gray pony known as 'Old Jack.'

"Then the chief said: 'If any one can show us our way to camp, out of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him go, and we can follow him. I think he will show us our way to camp.'

"The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head and tail in the air, as if proud of the trust that had been put upon him. Then he snuffed the breeze, and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say: 'Come on, boys! Follow me. I'll lead you out of this scrape.' He then turned in a new direction, and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp fires, and they gave a loud hurra at the sight, and for Old Jack."

WHAT AN ARMY OF TOAD-STOOLS DID.

DID ever you think how strong the growing plants must be to force their way up through the earth? Even the green daisy tips and the tiny blades of grass, that bow before a breath, have to exert a force in coming through that, in proportion to their size, is greater than you would exert in rising from under a mound of cobble stones. And think of toad-stools—what soft, tender things they are, breaking at a touch. Yet, I can tell you, they're quite mighty in their way.

Charles Kingsley, the celebrated English priest and novelist, was a very close observer of nature. One evening he noticed particularly a square flat stone, that, I should say, was about as long and as broad as the length of three big burdock leaves. He thought it would require quite a strong man to lift a stone like that. In the morning he looked

again, and lo! the stone was raised so that he could see the light under it. What was his surprise to find, on closer examination, that a crop of toad-stools had sprung up under the stone in the night and raised it up on their little round shoulders as they came!

I'm told that Canon Kingsley gives an account of this in his book called "Christmas in the West Indies," but it was in England that he saw it.

Knowing that he was so close an observer, I should n't be one bit surprised if he went still further and found out that one secret of the toad-stools being able to lift the stone was that they didn't waste time and strength in urging each other to the work, but each one did his very best without quarreling about whose turn it was, or whether Pink Shoulder or Brown Button was shirking his share. But then the toad-stools must have been strong, too.

A DANGEROUS CRADLE.

HERE is a true duck story: One of the wild ducks that sometimes swim in the pond near my pulpit had it from an eider-duck who has seen the cradle.

Away off at the north of the north coast of Scotland are the Shetland Islands; so steep, cold, barren and lonely that flocks of sea-birds go there at certain times of the year to build their nests and lay their eggs, thinking that they will not be disturbed in such a place. But the eggs have their value; so the few and poor inhabitants of the bleak and rocky islands are willing to descend the most dreadful precipices and climb the most difficult heights to find them.

Near the coast of one of the islands, but separated from it by a tempestuous channel, stands a very high and nearly perpendicular pillar of rock. Here, on this steep and desolate height, the sea-birds come in great numbers year after year; but at last a man, who could climb even more dreadful precipices than the hardest Shetlanders would dare to scale, went in a boat to the foot of this rock, and climbed its steep sides, carrying with him a pulley and a very strong rope, one end of which was already fastened on the highest point of a neighboring island on the side nearest the pillar. Arriving, after much toil and danger, at the summit of the pillar, the man managed to get the rope through the handles of a stout basket, and then fastened the pulley to the rock. Here then was a way by which the islanders could get over to the pillar. By getting, one at a time, into the basket, and swinging at this dizzy height over the foaming channel, the islanders could pull themselves across by means of the rope and pulley to obtain the eggs.

I forgot to say that the pillar of rock is called the "Pillar of Noss," and the basket is called the "Cradle of Noss." A cradle that, perhaps, birds might like to rock in, but not such a one as a quiet, stay-at-home Jack-in-the-Pulpit would recommend to his dear ST. NICHOLAS children. Will ST. NICHOLAS please show my children a picture of this cradle?

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE comes a letter from a little girl, who evidently has a literary taste of her own:

Sycamore, Illinois.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You're just *splendid*! I just *love* you now. I don't believe that a person that reads you can help loving you. I can't. The stationer always sees me at his store the 20th of every month, unless I'm sick. You grow better and better all the time, and you are better now than ever before.

I like that story of Louisa M. Alcott's. I hope most of it will be about the boys, for, if I *am* a girl, I like stories of boys better than I do stories of girls; there is so much more excitement in boys' stories. I like tragedy; I could sit all day and read Shakespeare.

I should really like to see the person that likes to write; I am sure I do not. But I must stop—Ever your loving reader,

META GAGE.

NELLIE RICHARDS writes: "I think I can answer F. Baak's question as to what forms the small bubbles on the inside of a glass of water which has been standing for some time. The water, as it gets warm, turns into vapor, which forms small beads that cling to the glass. If the water was heated to a greater degree, these bubbles would rise to the surface in the form of vapor."

JOHN H. YOUNG sends the following novel explanation of the manner in which foxes capture turkeys from the limbs of trees:

Baden, Pa., January 30, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your number of February I noticed a fox story, and I want to let you know how a fox will get birds off a high tree. It is very simple. The fox takes his tail in his mouth and commences running round in a circle, and continues thus until the bird gets dizzy looking at him, when the bird falls; then he catches it. This operation has been witnessed. This country was, and is at present, a good fox country. Last year there were about one hundred killed here, on a place in the Economy Wood. They have many holes, and have been known to attack men when hunting them—that is, the men left at the place to guard them.—Yours,

JOHN H. YOUNG.

THE space usually occupied by the pages for "Very Little Folks" has been appropriated, this month, by the "Great Human Menagerie," which, of course, required a good deal of room, with its elephants, giants, and antediluvian monsters. But we feel sure that all our readers, the little folks as well as the older ones, will take a great interest in Johnny Spooner's exhibition.

EASTER EGGS.

HANNAH D.; KATE AND CHARLEY; LILLIE T. O., and others:

The old-fashioned way of boiling the eggs in bits of calico is not yet wholly abandoned, but experience says it is almost sure to end in disappointment. The general impression is that a calico should be selected that will fade; the contrary is true; even for this purpose fast colors are to be preferred. If you wish to try the experiment, let the calico be drawn as smoothly as possible around the eggs, and sewed neatly on; then drop into a vessel of very weak lye and boil for one hour. Perhaps the imprint of the figures may be very well stamped on the shell, but you must not expect that the colors will be as fine as they were in the cotton goods.

Aniline dyes, furnished from coal oil, are the best for coloring Easter eggs. They should be used with caution, and, at least, under the oversight of a grown person. These dyes are found in the following variety: red, violet, blue, green, yellow and orange, brown and black. A few cents' worth of each will suffice. They may be obtained at any well-furnished drug store. Most of these are soluble in water, and do not even require that the thing to be dyed be placed over the fire; but we think it better to boil the eggs in a solution of the dye-stuff, taking care that there is plenty of the liquid to cover them, as the color is thus more speedily imparted.

Aniline red is a magnificent carmine, and is better for being dissolved in a little alcohol before being mixed with water, as is also true of the violet, green, yellow, and orange. Stir the eggs gently about so as to color them evenly, and do not allow them to rest on the bottom of the kettle. You may produce a lighter shade of the same color—pink, for instance—by adding a fresh supply of water to the dye you have already used for the deep tints.

Be careful, however, to have the dye-pots immediately emptied and well cleaned, for arsenic being largely used in the composition of these coloring matters, the dye is poisonous stuff. The little on the egg-shells, however, is not enough to make their use in this way dangerous.

Logwood boiled with the eggs will give shades from lilac to a dark purple, according to the quantity used, an ounce being sufficient for several dozen eggs. The addition of vinegar will change this to crimson; and potash, or, better still, sulphate of iron, will produce a fine blue.

When the eggs are all properly colored, then dampen a cloth with sweet oil or butter, and wipe them over to give them a beautiful polish.

If you would like to have names or mottoes written on the shells, dip a brush or a new quill pen in melted white wax; trace with it whatever words or design you choose, then put it on to boil; while the other part of the egg will receive any dye in which it is submerged, the tracery will remain white and legible.

The same effect will be produced by dipping the brush in strong vinegar or nitric acid. The acid must be used very carefully, however, as it will injure any cloth it happens to spot. Sometimes the marking can be made very well, after the coloring, with a penknife.

By covering the wrong side of a sheet of gilt or silver paper with gum, cutting stars and other fancy forms from it when dry, and then putting these designs on like postage stamps, a very pretty effect will be obtained.

MARY STUART SMITH.

ST. NICHOLAS: You have a conundrum in your February number from E. B., about "The Cooky with a Hole in it." The verses end with the question, "But how do you eat the hole?" I raise my hand in answer. If you will just do as I would, you will

EAT THE [W]HOLE.

BESIDES the suggestions given in the February Letter-Box for "turning your hand into an old woman," we here print a letter telling of another way in which it may be done.

Water Gap, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to give you another way of making a face with your hand. You may not think it good enough to publish, but we have had lots of fun with it. Tie two shoe-buttons together, about an inch apart; place them between the first and second fingers, and put the thumb between the second and third fingers; now lay your handkerchief over the top of it and hold it in front of a looking-glass, and if you do not see an old lady's face it is not my fault.—Yours truly,

LIDA B. GRAVES.

IN our June number we shall give the names of all who belong to the Army of Bird-Defenders. So send in your names in time for the Grand Muster Roll.

HARRY L. GRAHAM.—You will find the articles on "Christmas City" and "Holiday Harbor" in the numbers for May and December, respectively, of 1874. They will give you all the directions that you ask for.

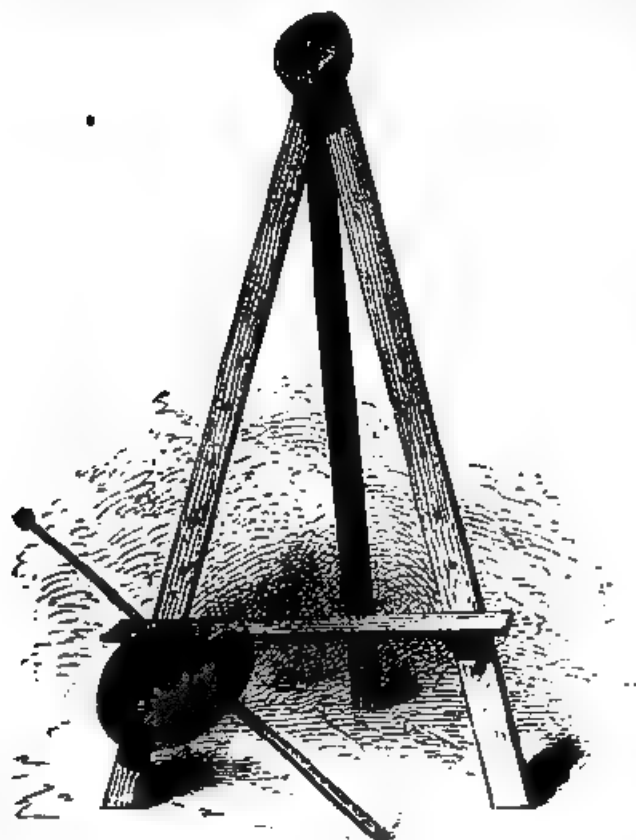
The expression which you mention, as generally used, is *slang*.

A MINIATURE EASEL.

HERE is something pretty that boys can make, as well as girls. The materials needed to make this easel are a few narrow strips of cardboard, Bristol board, or pasteboard; gold paper; a square-inch of red merino, flannel, or silk; a square-inch of blue silk; very tiny pieces of blue, yellow, red, green, white, and black paper or woolen goods; and three little sticks of wood. A match will supply two pieces, if whittled down a little thinner; the other must be half an inch long and a quarter of an inch broad.

Cut three strips of pasteboard half an inch wide; two must be nine inches, the other eight and an eighth of an inch long. Cut these two slanting at the top, so when joined they will look like the top of a letter A. Then cover all the strips with gold paper, leaving a surplus of paper at the top. When dry, punch holes equidistant in the two strips forming the front of the easel. With thickly melted gum-arabic join the two front pieces; the gold paper must be folded over the top of each strip. Next gum a small piece of wood half an inch long at the back, where these two strips join; then gum the back-piece on. The gold paper, which is left longer than the strip it is intended to cover, will now be useful in fastening all three strips together by gumming the paper. A little red scull-cap, made of merino or silk, covers all signs of piece-work and helps strengthen the whole. The easel-pegs are made by covering the match-like stick of wood first with white, then with gold paper, and are fastened in the easel-holes with gum. The palette is cut out of thin pasteboard, covered with gilt paper, and has little bits of blue, green, and other bright-colored goods pasted on it. It is hung on the peg and fastened with gum. The mahl-stick may be made either of a narrow

strip of wood or pasteboard; wood is better. The gold paper is cut in a narrow strip and wound around the mahl-stick, the end of which is ornamented with a knob, made by cutting a round piece of blue silk, tying it with black silk. Gum the mahl-stick fast to the back of



the palette. The piece that lies across the easel, supported by the page, is made of pasteboard, covered with gilt paper, and is not fastened. The palette will help keep this cross-piece in its place. *Be careful not to make it any wider than the distance between the easel and palette.* Use flour paste to cover the pasteboard with the gilt paper.

Although this easel is very light it will support a small picture or hold photographs, and it will be pretty as long as the gold paper remains bright.

ALICE DORSEY.

JAMES HARMER, of Boston, writes: "The story, 'Grandma's Nap,' in the department for Little Folks in your number for December, 1874, was lately dramatized and acted by the Preparatory Department of Chauncey-Hall School, of this city. It was on the occasion of the forty-seventh annual exhibition of that school, and the exercises were held in the Music Hall in presence of a large audience. The *Boston Advertiser* of the next day said, in speaking of 'Grandma's Nap': 'This latter was the first elocutionary exercise ever given by this department at the school exhibition, and was simply surprising for the appreciation and truthful rendering of the sense of this model child's story. It is worthy of mention that this exercise was the only one which drew forth from the audience a call for repetition, though, of course, it could not be complied with.'"

We are glad to hear that this story has been acted by the scholars of Chauncey-Hall School. There are many other things in *ST. NICHOLAS*, besides the acting charades, etc., that could be performed with success by bright boys and girls.

Boston.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: Can any boy or girl tell me how many verses the Old Testament has, and how many has the New? I would also like to know which is the *middle* verse in the Old Testament, also the middle verse in the New Testament. I found these questions the other day, and would like to know the answers.—Your very sincere friend,

ALLEN CURTIS.

C. M. BREVARD writes: "Can you tell me anything about courtesy in different nations?" He will find a short item on the subject in the Letter-Box for March, 1874, which may be of interest.

WORD-MAKING.

In addition to the answers to word-making challenges recorded in the March Letter-Box, we have received from W. F. Bridge, Jr., a list, which is certainly worthy of mention, as it contained *one thousand* words derived from the letters of the word PERAMBULATIONS.

The following boys and girls have sent us lists of words as designated in each case, and challenge any one to find more, the competition to be conducted with the understanding that no letter is to be used twice, unless it occur twice in the main word. Walter B. Snow has made 673 words from the letters of the word INCOMPREHENSIBILITY; Harry Lipscomb, 427 from PRECAUTIONARY; M. F. and J. B., 242 (no proper names) from the word RENUNCIATION; Charlie Bigelow, 240 from the word CONSTANTINOPLE; Bertha Williams, 200 from the word PENNSYLVANIA; and Mabel E. Bennett, 107 from the word DISSATISFACTION.

MINNIE RUSSELL.—Elizabeth Wetherell lives on a romantic island in the Hudson River, near West Point.

I cannot find Alice M. W.'s verse in any collection in our library, but I have a newspaper scrap containing one that is nearly as funny as hers. Papa reads it aloud sometimes with deep feeling, and if persons hearing it for the first time do not have their wits about them, they are apt to think it is "real sweet." Here is the verse:

"How happy to defend our heart,
When love has never thrown a dart!
But, ah, unhappy when it bends,
If pleasure her soft bliss suspends!
Sweet, in a wild distorted strain
A lost and wandering heart to gain!
Oft in mistaken language wooed,
The skillful lover's understood."

Yours truly,

LIZZIE B.—2.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Again we have to record several new lists of Bird-defenders, as well as a long roll of recruits who have joined singly.

The trumpet-call has been heard even on the Pacific Coast, and Edwin S. Belknap and Emma Lombard send the following names of San Francisco volunteers: Frank Harrison, Harry French, Joe E. Toy, William A. Smith, Thomas O. Farjon, Henry A. Millar, James K. Hyland, Frank E. Waters, Arthur F. Waters, Henry Perry, Alexander Cohen, Percy Cohen, Joseph R. Smith, Bea O. Smith, Frank E. Smith, Oscar J. Lund, Harry Lund, James R. Haate, Charles Morhardt, Robert McElroy, Walter Cole, Ralph O. Thomas, Obe Thomas, George F. O'Leary, Isaac B. Dutard, George Singer, Albert F. Sawyer, Eddie Henry, Edmund D. Cooke, George H. Bly, John S. Kibbie, Frank B. Allery, John T. Allery, Edmund C. Battledon, Frank Battledon, John H. McStrue, Colin McGregor, Walter Wilding, and Edwin Belknap; Jennie Cooke, Carrie F. Harrison, Ettie Lombard, Fannie Hare, Jennie B. Widley, Mary M. Griffin, Tillie S. Vaughan, Susan R. Hopley, Bella S. Chaplain, Fannie T. Keene, Lottie D. Rummell, Florence G. Grinshaw, Gerie B. Plum, Delia Sherman, Minnie K. Pease, Katie F. Cutler, Mattie R. Hughes, Mary Fenton, Lulu De Chrelle, Katie I. Cummings, Louisa T. Lee, Mary Jackson, Annie R. Lloyd, Carrie S. Smith, A. Susan Smith, Alice Andrews, Maria Ford, Jennie H. Haskins, Sarah L. Sylvester, Minnie F. Bly, Etta M. Peck, Jennie D. Peck, Bessie A. Walton, Gussie D. Walton, Carrie E. Grant, Effie T. Wahl, Mary J. Toy, Milla Dirrell, Nellie Lovejoy, and Emma Lombard.

Hattie E. Buell and Mary B. Beverly, of Schenectady, N. Y., send the following list: Kate D. Hanson, Aggie Clement, Kinie Schuyler, Ida I. Van Denburgh, Mary M. Dailey, Lavinia D. Scraftford, Hattie Morgan, Mary L. Appa, Celia W. Tenbroeck, Mollie Hallenbeck, Julia Ruoff, Theresa E. Quant, Ritie S. Brooks, Libbie D. Sibley, Lilian G. King, Emma Clute, Augusta Ootbout, Jennie Hoyt, Emma Planck, Lillie I. Jennings, Anna Miller, Gerie A. Fuller, Kittie Van Nostrand, Bessie Barker, Clara Hannah, Susie Sprague, Mamie Yates, Anna Wemple, Susie C. Vedder, Katie Fuller, Anna M. Lee, Alice D. Stevens, Nettie Knapp, Lizzie King, Addie Richardson, A. Y. Schermerhorn, John L. Wilkie, Mynard Vedder, Alvin Myeta, James Vedder, and Lewis Peissner.

Julia C. Roeder and Mary M. De Vany—two Cleveland girls—send the following names: Addie L. Cooke, Addie L. Patterson, Rosa Zucker, Fannie E. O'Marah, Dora O'Marah, Johnnie O'Marah,

Nellie O'Marah, Lettie Lawrence, Bertha P. Smith, Lizzie E. Weidenkopf, Annie E. Rudy, Emma T. Holt, Lena M. Baakhardt, Loey M. Davey, Mary Taylor, Eva Lane, Sarah Venning, Lola Hord, Emma L. Yost, Florence Harris, Eva Brainard, Annie B. Warner, Jennie M. Roberts, Florence Robinson, Lucy Robinson, Willie Robinson, Mamie J. Purdie, Annie Purdie, James J. Purdie, Charlie A. Lyman, J. D. Campbell, Marian A. Campbell, and M. M. De Vany.

Allen S. Jamison, of Philadelphia, joins with some of his friends: Carrie Jamison, Jennie Jamison, Lucie Jamison, Florence Knight, Lilly Weiss, Ida Engelman, Alfred Weiss, Harold Rankins, Wilham Black, and Frank Knight.

Pansie Dudley sends her own and these names: Maude Bishop, Lillie Dutton, Fannie Lansing, Minnie Yates, Leah Moore, Dora Conklin, and Blanche Wilkinson.

Bryant Beecher joins and sends these names: Abbie Beecher, Alice Beecher, Morie Sampson, Willie Sampson, Minnie Sampson, Eddie Sampson, Otto Stewart, Charlie Stewart, Cassius Stewart, Maggie McGuire, Frankie Howland, James Howland, Johnny Howland, and Willie Howland.

Belle Fawcett sends her own name and five others: Elsie Smith, Libbie Smith, Issie Smith, Lena Adams, and Mary Eddy.

Julia D. Elliott sends the following names besides her own: Lessie Gay Adams, Carrie Matthews, Jessie Shortridge, Eben. Bradesyle, Olive Bradesyle, May Bradesyle, and Russell Bradesyle.

Other names have been received as follows: Nellie Beale, Ida Vallette, Fred J. Beale, Julia G. Beale, Florence W. Ryder, Clara Louise Ryder, Nettie Myers, Hattie E. Edwards, Alice W. Edwards, Carrie Hurd, May Keith, John W. Cary, Jr., J. Brayton Parmelee, Ella C. Parmelee, Lilie B. Coggeshall, Katie S. Baker, Ruth and Mabel Davison, Mary Wilcox, Reinette Ford, Alma Sterling, Edith Sterling, Hildegard Sterling, Mary Manley, Edith Manley, Romeo G. Brown, Harry Blackwell, Mary Blackwell, Lillie Bartholomew, May Bartholomew, Mollie E. Church, H. J. Rowland, Eugene Rowland, A. B. Smith, Mills Clark, Minnie M. Denny, Fannie L. Clark, Helen R. Munger, Ida Diserens, Lemmie Bryant, Hattie Bryant, Edward K. Titus, Carrie James, Arthur James, and Carrie M. Hapgood.

"PANSY."—We publish the names of all those who send the correct answers to *any* of our puzzles; those who answer *all* in one number correctly will receive special mention.

We are glad to receive contributions to our Letter-Box or Riddle-Box from any one, whether a subscriber or not; but it is best to send your own name with *all* communications.

"JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT," by his item in our February number, has called forth a friendly note or two about "watches" on shipboard. Here is an extract from a sailor friend, who ought to know the case better than the birds:

I am not aware of more than two systems of "setting the watch," the Dutch and the English, the latter being in use in American vessels. The accompanying scheme will show what the "watches" are: the object of the "dog watches" being to change the turns of the sailors in keeping the watches. The watches are always "set" at eight o'clock in the evening.

The English System.

8 P. M. to 12 P. M.—First Night Watch.
12 P. M. to 4 A. M.—Middle Watch.
4 A. M. to 8 A. M.—Morning Watch.
8 A. M. to 12 M.—Forenoon Watch.
12 M. to 4 P. M.—Afternoon Watch.
4 P. M. to 6 P. M.—First Dog-Watch.
6 P. M. to 8 P. M.—Second Dog-Watch.

The Dutch System.

8 P. M. to 8 A. M.—Exactly the same as the English system.
8 A. M. to 2 P. M.—First Dog-Watch.
2 P. M. to 8 P. M.—Second Dog-Watch.

A bell is struck every half-hour during the watch, so that eight bells is struck at the end of each watch; and in the English system even, at the end of the First Dog-Watch the bells recommence, and seven o'clock is two bells, but eight bells is struck at eight o'clock.

OLD TAR.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

I CONTAIN nineteen letters. My 9, 11, 17, 4 is acute. My 15, 6, 3, 12, 4 is verdant; my 5, 16, 8, 18, 4, 11, 6 is more so. My 14, 12, 17, 19 is not always to find. My 1, 11, 3, 9 is a period of time. My 9, 4, 7, 18 is a part of the body. My 13, 2, 8, 10 is a pronoun. My whole is a proverbially "tough" situation, and at the same time a very easy one.

M. N. L.

HIDDEN LAKES.

1. Go never, I entreat you. 2. We nerved ourselves to the task. 3. Hope pined herself to death. 4. Is earnestness always praiseworthy? 5. I love it as calves love milk.

L. O.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

THE finals, reading downward, signify an oblique look; reading upward, a lively dance. The primals, reading downward, name a kind of limestone; reading upward, signify a journey by water.

1. A city of England. 2. A female name. 3. A flower.
4. A bird.

ITALIAN BOY.

PUZZLE.

EACH question will be solved by using one letter of the poet's name by itself, and transposing the others.

1. A letter drew back when a poet's name was mentioned. 2. A letter was told to talk more when a poet was named. 3. A letter withdraws from a poet to leave him more brilliant.

B.

LINEADUCTIONS.

1. I AM trite; write my name and draw a line through a certain letter, and I become condition. 2. I am fierce; draw a line, and I become a hat made of wool. 3. I am the power of choosing; draw a line, and I am to droop.

ITALIAN BOY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS.

OF Shakespeare's heroines the first, or so it seems to me;
"A Daniel come to judgment,"—now tell me who is she?

FINALS.

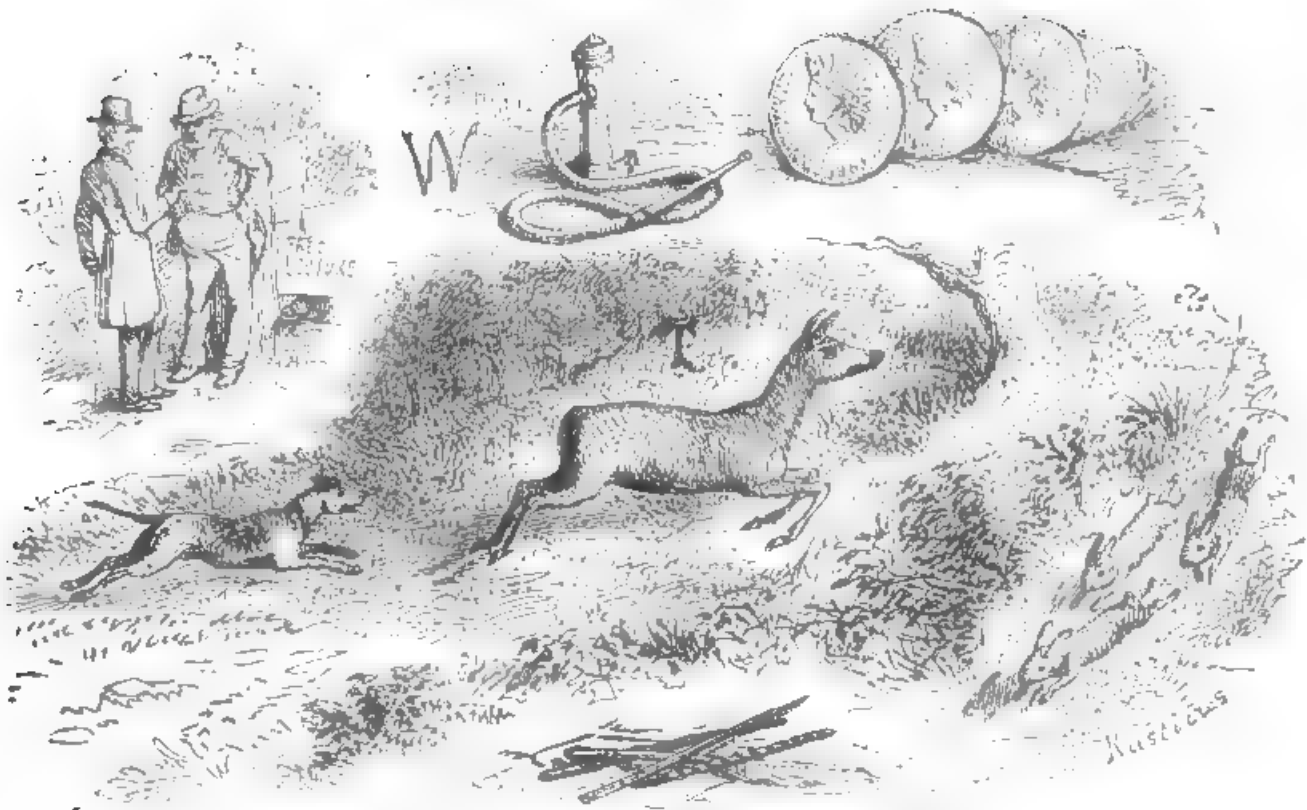
A prince, unhappy, sad, oppressed—you've heard his mournful tale;
But flattered much by one who said 't was "very like a whale."

CROSS-WORDS.

My first is a fruit both sweet and fair to see;
My second you may read of in "The Brown Rosary";
My third you do in Summer-time, through wood and vale and dell;
My fourth's a famous archer—you children know him well;
My fifth I hope you never are, but should you wish to be,
Go to my sixth and learn from her, for who more wise than she?

M. N. L.

REBUS, No. 1.



GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. ONE of the United States. 2. A country. 3. A city of Connecticut. 4. A name for island. 5. A large sea. 6. A river of Asia. The primals and finals name two European cities. ITALIAN BOY.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A PLEASANT gift, denoting skill,
Which some can manage at their will.
2. A certain *shape*,—not round or square,—
Birds partial to it always are.
3. What growing maize is found to be,
As in the harvest you can see.
4. An animal, that will attend,
In war and peace alike, your friend.

A foreign city, whose queer ways
Have drawn forth censure, laughter, praise. B.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A chart. 3. A sign used in arithmetic. 4. A girl's name. 5. A plant. 6. Murmuring. 7. A large net. 8. An animal. 9. A consonant. ALDEBARAN.

GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.

I AM a city built in the shape of a lady's fan opened;
with five canals encircling me in parallel lines, and one
passing around the outside; with cross-canals that
divide me into ninety-five islands; with streets that
cross the canals by six hundred draw-bridges; with
houses fronting on canals; and ships and boats that can
pass all through the city, and land passengers and produce
at any point that may be desired. F. R. F.

REVERSALS.

1. A WORD meaning to swallow hurriedly; reverse,
and find a peg. 2. To eat; reverse, and find a lady of
King Arthur's time. 3. Small animals; reverse, and
find a heavenly body. 4. An intransitive verb; reverse,
and find a period of time. 5. To exist; reverse, and
find corruption. 6. An article of toilet; reverse, and
find to cut. 7. Small fruits; reverse, and find to stupefy.
D. W.

THE TEA-PARTY.

A RHYMING PUZZLE FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

HERE'S Sue and Tom, and Bess and Harry;
And who comes next? my little —.
And who comes here with Master Ned?
Mary and Kitty, George and —.

What did Sue bring? it rhymes with take;
I know she brought some frosted —.
And Mary brought what rhymes with arts;
Peep in her napkin—what nice —!

And then there's something rhymes with handy,
From Tom and George—delicious —!
And something nice, that rhymes with huts,
In Nanny's basket—splendid —!

What did they have that rhymes with hearty?
They had a very pleasant —.
When did they leave?—it rhymes with eleven;
They every one went home at —.

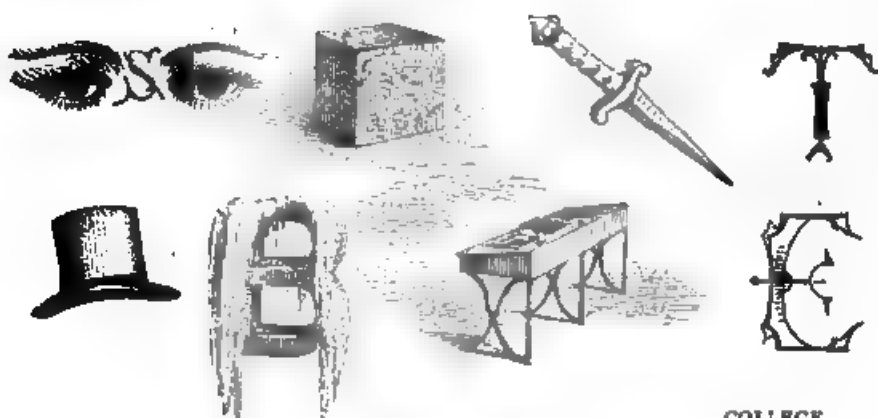
Where were they lost?—it rhymes with deep;
They every one were lost in —.
What did they have that rhymes with teams?
They every one had pleasant —. E.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. It would not be — to call the alphabet complete though — should be placed in regular order. 2. Do you attend the — as a spectator merely? —. 3. When we — yesterday, he said he should — to-morrow. 4. The clay statuettes of such — are —. 5. The audience will — quickly if such a man —.

B.

REBUS, No. 2.



CHARADE.

My first, a liquid path, is made
By something used in foreign trade.
My second pours from out his throat
To weary ones a welcome note,
Coming a sure and pleasant token
That Winter's icy chain is broken.
My whole I've found in purple bloom,
Or clothed in white 'mid forest bloom,
Leaves, petals, sepals—all in threes,
A triple triplet, if you please.

B.

EASY METAGRAMS.

FIRST, I am to shape; change my head, I am a precious metal; again, and I am frigid; again, I am brave; again, I am a plait; again, I stop. Behead me. I am aged; behead and curtail me, I am a consonant.

IRON DUKE.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. ONE-SIXTH of Arabia. 2. A cape. 3. A European river. 4. A country. 5. A city of Europe. 6. A city of France. 7. One-sixth of France. ITALIAN BOY.

CENTRAL PUZZLE.

THE central letters form the name of a patron saint. 1. Class in society. 2. Part of a church. 3. A sort of boat. 4. An assumed name. 5. A bird. 6. A coloring matter. 7. The shape of an egg. 8. A disease. 9. A musical instrument. 10. A kind of gum. L. O.

COLLEGE.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

THE blacksmith with hammer of musical —
Forges a chain of a ponderous —
His hands are brawny and black as —
But he does his work as well
As his neighbor goldsmith at ease in a —
Twisting fine gold to the size of a —
And weaving a trifle as light as —
For the delicate ear of a belle. L. D. N.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

QUERIES.—1. Pears. 2. They are always sold (soled) before they are finished. 3. Because they are men dead (mended), yet not forgotten. 4. Because he is working on his *last*. 5. Because his hat would hold his *ill* (awl). 6. Because they have souls (soles). 7. *A row*. 8. Because some of them have a stitch in the side.

METAGRAM.—Bark, lark, park, mark.

CHARADE.—Ivanhoe.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Sable, able. 2. Shark, hark, ark. 3. Slack, lack. 4. Finch, inch, inch. 5. Pink, ink. 6. Larch, arch.

SQUARE-WORD.—Fore, Opal, Rack, Elks.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Antony Canova.

RIDDLE.—Beau, Bow (Rainbow, Fiddle-bow, Ribbon).

CURTAILMENTS.—1. France, franc. 2. Seal, sea. 3. Pearl, pear, pea. 4. Pansy, pans. 5. Teal, tea. 6. Robe, rob. 7. Scant, scan.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Deranged (D-ranged). 2. Sea-girt (C-gird). 3. Delighted (D-lighted). 4. Enamored (N-hammered). 5. Dressed (D-tested). 6. Argonaut (R-gone out). 7. Geode (G-owed). 8. Cadence (K-dense). 9. Ovoid (O-void). 10. Espied (S-pied). 11. Beheld (B-held). 12. Seaboard (C-bored). 13. Expensive (X-pensive). 14. Defamed (D-famed).

LOGOGRIPH.—Pearl, earl, pear, pea, real, Lear.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Schuykill.

EASY REBUS.—Deface, Detail, Defeat.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Angelic, Roscate —A, End, Cages, Roscate, Nelly, Lit. C.

BURIED PLACES.—1. Venice. 2. Athens. 3. Paris. 4. Naples. 5. Siam. 6. San Francisco. 7. Boston. 8. India.

A PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Moonshine: Hoe, Hen, Noose, Mine, Hose, Mesh, Moose, Men, Hone, Shoe, Inn.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, previous to February 18, from Etta Clay Wagner, M. H. S., Nellie B. Reed, Thomas P. Sanborn, Lulu Sutton, E. H. P., G. L. F., George Brady, Annie Wright, Inez L. Olney, Lizzie C. Brown, Willie A. Lewis, Belle and Kitten Smith, Belle Fawcett, "Edith," Ruth and Mabel Davison, Mary E. Church, Lillie May Farman, Frank S. Halsey, Emilie B. Briston, Grace Orvis, H. B. Nichols, Mary Harned, Mary Wilcox, "New Subscriber," Lawrence T. Postell, D. P. L. Postell, Charlie W. Olcott, Nessie E. Stevens, Fannie Dudley, "May B. Not," Florence S. Wilcox, Theodore I. Condron, May Keith, Montgomery H. Rochester, Mattie W. Gray, Willie Boucher Jones, Mollie Beach, Fred Halsted, Alice W. Ives, Augusta Imhorst, Arod Berne, Reinette Ford, Mary H. Rochester, George E. Hayes, Katie T. Hughes, May Bartholomew, Isabel M. Evans, Flora Kirkland, Mamie Beach, J. G. Holliday, G. Y. Holliday, Louis F. Brown, Rufus Nock, Lonie W. Ford, Allie Anthony, Grace G. Nunnmacher, Julia Dean Hunter, Bessy Shubrick and Katey Walsh, Jessie McDermott, "Ariel," Fred G. Story, Flora S. James, Max F. Hartlav, Allie Neill, George Huntington, Edith Wight, Rachel Hutchins, Mark W. Collet, Thornton M. Ware, Anna L. Gibbon, Eddie L. Heydecker, Florence B. Lockwood, Arnold Guyot Cameron, and Lucy Barbour.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THIS is May, my children, but I'm not at all sure that she will give us Spring weather. The months seem to have a curious way of swapping weather with each other. March will borrow some fine days from May, and then, when May comes along, we find that she has taken some of March's blustering winds in payment. By the way, the pretty school-mistress wrote a very queer piece about the months one day, just to amuse the children, as they sat with her upon the willow-stumps in my meadow. She called it an acrostic. I could n't help learning it by heart, not because I thought it pretty, nor because it was so queer, but because each one of her little folks in turn insisted upon reading it aloud. So you too shall have a chance, my dears:

THE SAD STORY OF LITTLE JANE.

Jan—e, little saint, was sick and faint,
Feb—ruary she had none;
Mar—chade seemed to make her worse,
Apr—ilots were all gone.
May—be, she thought, in some fair field,
June—berries sweet may grow;
July—and June, they searched in vain,
Aug—menting all her woe.
Sept—imus failed to find a pill—
Oct—obious slave was he;
Nov—ice, poor thing! at feeling ill,
Dec—eased ere long was she.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE BLIND CHILDREN.

TALKING of the pretty school-mistress, reminds me of something I heard her telling her boys and girls one day when they were seated about her, on the willow-stumps as usual. She said:

"Do you remember General S—t, my dears, who once visited us in the school-rooms?"

"O yes!" cried the children.

"Well, when he took tea with me on that afternoon, he happened to say that his boy had just been reading the 'Old Curiosity Shop' with great delight.

"Now, as I knew that the General's only son was blind, I was not a little puzzled. Probably General S—t read my feelings in my face, for he added:

"Did you never hear of Charles Dickens' visit to the blind asylum where Benny was taught? He talked with the children, and became so very much interested in them, that he decided to have an edition of 'The Old Curiosity Shop' printed in raised letters for their use. 'Bless their hearts! They shall find little Nell in the dark!' he said, all aglow. And so, in time, my boy was bending over the story, as happy a little fellow as one could wish to see."

"Did he read it easily?" I asked.

"O yes, quite so!" said the General, cheerfully. "The letters, white as the rest of the page, are raised, and are about an eighth of an inch long. Benny runs his finger along the lines one by one, and understands every word. You would think he had eyes in his finger-tips. The sense of feeling is very acute, you know, when one's sight is gone."

"I like Dickens more than ever now," said one of the boys when the school-mistress finished her story.

"And so do I," said four of the children.

THOSE BRAZIL NUTS.

So many dear and clever little folks have sent answers to my question in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS about Brazil nuts, that I have asked the editors to put their names and some of their facts in the Letter-Box. Bless their hearts—I can see them now, in my mind's eye, looking over dusty books and encyclopedias! Here's a note from a little girl who did n't have to look in a book at all:

Albion March 3, '75

Mr. Jack in The pulpit

I can tell you some thing about those Brazil nuts. My uncle Jerry has got a shell what they come in—it looks like a Cocoonut only the Brazil nuts are inside and rattle and that is the reason they dont have any stem on them and pleas put me down as a Bird defender

NELLIE REYNOLDS.

QUEER EYES.

YOU have no idea what a good time your Jack has in noticing eyes. May be the eyes have a good time, too, in noticing your Jack; but that's neither here nor there. I can't help being struck with the capital seeing arrangement of the birds. Why, bless you! opera-glasses and telescopes are nothing alongside of them, especially the high-flying fellows. They can adjust their eyes just about as they please. High in the air, they take up a long style of vision, and, as they descend, they haul in their eyes,—if I may use such an expression,—until they can see to pick a little grub off the ground.

Flies' eyes are wonderful things; they can see in every direction, but they never move. Snails, now, have eyes of another sort. They carry them at the ends of a pair of flexible horns, and while they are crawling over a leaf they can send their eyes under the edge of it to see what is going on there. I'm told that fishes have n't any eyelids. Is this so?

The number of different kinds of eyes among

animals, fish, reptiles, and insects, will astonish you if once you begin to look out for them.

JOY-BELLS.

My boys and girls, you are happier than kings and queens!

There was once a prince, who, on ascending the throne, had a bell raised in a tower over his palace, which he intended to ring whenever he was perfectly happy.

The bell never rang during his lifetime.

If little children had joy-bells over their heads, what wonderful chimes we should hear when the first snow-flakes fall, or the first Spring flowers are gathered.

EDDIE AND HIS TWIRL POETRY.

I KNOW of a wonderful little boy, hardly six years old, who is going to be a poet one of these days, that is if he has a fair chance to be a child first. It would be dreadful if the gifts of his coming years should be brought to him so soon as to weight his childhood down and make him weary and worn before his soul has a chance to grow. I am glad to hear that he is a merry, free-hearted little fellow now, fond of play and not so very very good but that he can sometimes get into mischief. Still, those who are nearest to him know that strange thoughts flit through his baby brain, and that his dreamy eyes often look far, far away, whither no one may follow him. He goes to the sea-side with his mother sometimes, and digs wells in the sand like other youngsters, and runs about her in great glee. Then he will grow sober, and after a while he says:

"Write, mother—write just what I tell you. I'm going to make some Twirl poetry!"

Here is something that he made in this way after a few moonlight visits to the beach:

THE TWIRL POETRY.

O moon! O moon! O moon!
Throwing the light on the ground so holy-like,
And the stars twinkling so brightly and merrily,
As if it were Christmas,
Or a soft, witchy day when the witches charm their caldrons;
And the trees waving and shuddering in the court-yard,
And the lilies flowing on the brooks merrily and lovely,
And the pebbles glistening in the moonlight so merrily,
And the mountains with the flakes pouring on like pelts of rain—
Glistening, dropping, breaking,—
And the bears huddling with leaves and brush in their dens,
So dark and curious!

I never shall forget the moon! the moon! the moon!
Shining so merrily on the sea,
On the boisterous sea,
And the waves dashing and breaking on the beach,
And moving about so gracefully,
And the rainbows in the night so striped and lovely.

I never shall forget the wrecks! the wrecks! the wrecks!
And the rocks spreading danger in the sea,
The waves trickling in and out the rocks,
And the breakers whirling, twirling,
As if a giant were stepping on the earth and making it tremble,
And Jupiter throwing down all its riders out of heaven,
Thrashing up the earth, and breaking the heavens wide.

"Sign it 'BY THE GREAT ARTIST, EDDIE; ESQ., Nov. 27, 1874,'—just those very words, mother," he said when the verses were written, and then he ran off to play.

Here is the second part of this Twirl poetry,

written two days afterward. You see he knows nothing of rhyme yet, and his thoughts are made up partly from what he observes himself, and partly from what he hears read and spoken by those about him:

THE TWIRL POETRY.—PART II.

And the water spouting,
And the whales diving in and out, and spouting water from their nostrils,
And the moon shining so brightly on the water,
And the water mermaids combing their long hair,
Dragging and floating in the water,
And their shell combs glistening,
And the sword-fish cutting the water with their great swords,
And the trees blowing and falling with the great hurricanes,
And the lobsters sniffing the ground and spouting up,
And the little shells washing on the beach and off again with the breakers,
And the pieces of board washing in shore off many wrecks
And the sea-weed washing on the beach,
And the frigates riding the waves and tossing about,
And yachts along the coast sailing, sailing, sailing.

Should you like to hear some of Eddie's prose? Well, you shall have a story composed for his grandmamma on Sept. 10, 1874, when he was exactly five years and four months old. His mother wrote down every word just as he dictated it:

THE RAGING ANACONDA OF THE DISMALLEST WOODS AS SOUTH AMERICA BEARS IN ITS MIGHTY KINGDOM.

As the raging anaconda was sunning himself, one day, on the high branches of a weeping-willow, he no sooner opened his eyes than he espied some lambs of a farmer's in a near field; and no sooner he saw them than he sprang down the tree. No sooner the farmer beheld the "snek" than he leaped after the "snek" three times round the swamp, and then climbed up the tree to catch him by the tail, when the anaconda turned and opened his mighty jaws and grabbed the farmer's hat. Then the farmer climbed down as fast as anything and ran away, and another anaconda and two wild boars came and chased him till he got out of breath, and then he made a feast on the old farmer.

HAVE FLIES AND GNATS NOSES?

Of course they have, if Jack knows anything about it; that is, they have the sense of smell, though whether they smell with their noses or not is for my children to find out.

You just set a piece of meat in the sun and cover it up so that no insect can see it, and you'll find the shrewd little mites soon coming toward it from every direction. They *smell* it, or my name's not Jack.

A HARD CASE.

Do you ever feel badly, my dears, because you are sent to bed early? Do you beg to stay just a minute longer, and do you seize upon every possible excuse for lingering? Ah, well, there's a good time coming; one of these days you'll be big and strong, and may go to bed when you please.

Hold! I don't positively promise that you shall sit up as late as you please when you grow big. It depends upon circumstances and family rules. For instance, the other day I heard the minister telling a lad this very hard case:

"Dr. Johnson, in 1773, dined with the Earl of Loudon, and met his mother, the Countess, who was ninety-three. She had a daughter, Lady Betty, who was seventy, and she used to send her to bed early after supper, because, said she, 'Girls must not use late hours.'"

How should you have liked to be poor Lady Betty?

THE LETTER-BOX.

Lewiston, Me., February 26, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to shake hands, and I must 'fess a little, too. When I first saw you, like so many silly people who have "first impressions," I thought I should n't like you, but this Winter I've been getting acquainted and bringing my little ones to know you.

They were so delighted at the thought of writing some notes and joining the Bird-defenders, that I hope you will pardon the trouble it may make you.

O, that Jack-in-the-Pulpit! I wonder if Mrs. Dodge has n't been a teacher, and she did n't feel sad when she used to see how little so many mothers knew of their own children. God bless her and every other woman who tries to be a teacher and helper of the children. How I wish I could hear her talk right out of her heart; but the St. NICHOLAS lightens my work every time I take it up.—Yours most truly,
A. M. L.

The names of the scholars referred to in the above letter will be found among the Bird-defenders. We are always glad to hear from our young friends.

THE author of the "Gingerbread Boy," in our pages for Little Folks, writes as follows: "The 'Gingerbread Boy' is not strictly original. A servant girl from Maine told it to my children. It interested them so much that I thought it worth preserving. I asked where she found it, and she said an old lady told it to her in her childhood. So it may possibly have been in print, though I have never seen it."

Norwich Town, Conn., Feb. 16, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a puzzle which has been occupying our attention of late. It was attributed to Rev. E. E. Hale, but he denies having written it, and we are in doubt as to its authorship and as to the correct solution. Several answers have been suggested, among them "Axe," in connection with Charles I. and Cromwell. But we should be glad of a better one.—Yours truly,
E. S. G.

ENIGMA.

To five and five
And fifty-five,
The first of letters add;
'T will make a thing
That killed a king
And drove a wise man mad.

CLARENCE DELLAM asks "if any of the St. NICHOLAS subscribers can tell him how to crystallize flowers, and give him the recipe for making skeleton leaves." Who will answer?

Dayton, O., February 27, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cannot tell how delighted I am with your magazine. I liked the *Young Folks* very much, but yours beats it altogether. But one thing I noticed was that the *Young Folks* allowed the boys and girls to contribute music. Now I should like to know whether you would allow the boys and girls of the St. NICHOLAS to do the same.—Very respectfully,
WILLIE WALTER.

In answer to Willie's request, we must tell him that our space is very valuable, and that in the interest of the majority of our readers we prefer to print music very seldom.

A PECULIAR GAME OF CROQUET, PLAYED WITH WORDS AND SKILL OF BRAIN, NOT WITH Mallet AND BALL.

Explanation.

The arch in center of field is C A; the four other central arches will be respectively named first, second, third, and fourth. The first arch, or bridge, on the left-hand side will be designated by L S A 1, and the second in like manner, and the arches on the right-hand side in a similar manner. We are supposed to stand at the foot, and are looking down the field toward the head, or turning stake, H S, or the foot of the field, is the home stake, or place whence we start. T S is turning stake. The words by which we pass through the first and second arches, and second and third, must be reversible, so that we can return on the same word and thus preserve the symmetry of the entire arrangement. The stakes, and also the words, with which we commence the game must be reversible.

Commencement of the Game.

The K S is a dark place. First move is to pierce first arch, or bridge, is what this game pretends to be. Second move is a character

in mythology celebrated for his friendship: second arch, or bridge, is a sunpleton, which we often think we are ourselves when we fail to pass through the first bridge. Third move, or rather play, is always in darkness. First K S A is docile. Fourth play is an insane person; C A what our country is now suffering from the effects of. Fifth move is not wide; second K S A is a condition in which a player sometimes finds his ball. Sixth play is a farming implement; the third A is a musician. Seventh play is what this game is composed of; the fourth A is a penurious man. The eighth play is what some of our puzzlers try to be among their fellow-workers who contribute to the St. NICHOLAS. T S is the summit, or top, just as it should be.

Returning.

Please observe that, in passing through the central bridges again, as we have to do, it will be unnecessary to define those arches, or bridges, which we have already passed through.

First return play are animals known to us as little pests. Second play is a leather band, pierced with holes and provided with a buckle. Third move is to shine, as we need a little light to see our way further on. First L S A is soup. Fourth move is a boy's name. Fifth move is a plant. Second L S A is an English tide. Sixth move is an idea. Seventh move is a wanderer. Eighth play is nocturnal winged animals, which fly with us to the home stake and thus finish the game.
"HYPERION."

The above game of croquet is quite difficult; but, before printing the solution, we should like to see if any of our young readers can find out the words, and send us a diagram of the game as played by themselves.

HERE'S a complaint from a boy: "There has been so much said in readers and magazines about girls being teased and annoyed by boys, especially their older brothers, I think it is time the other side was heard from. Don't you think it's mean the way some girls have of teasing and plaguing the boys? I think it's all the meaner because the girls know the boys can't hit them or do anything in return."

Calera, Ala., February 24, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What do you mean by us Bird-defenders going to have a "grand campaign?" Please write to me and tell me. I do not go to school down here, because I have no place to go to, but I go to school to mamma. If any of the girls and boys that read the St. NICHOLAS look on a railroad map and on the map of Alabama, they will find a railroad called the Selma, Rome, and Dalton Railroad, and if you look sharp you will see a town called Calera, and one mile above there, on the Selma, Rome, and Dalton Railroad, I live, about four or five hundred yards from the railroad, on a hill, and in a real pretty place. I have two dogs, a horse and colt, and a cat. Robbie, my brother, also has a horse and a colt. We have good times, too, in the Summer. We go hunting rabbits, and go fishing, and go in swimming, camp out, build boats, and go grape-hunting, and have nice times. There are deer here too. One day the hunters were hunting deer, and they started up one and shot him in the leg, and the deer ran on two—I mean three—legs, and jumped over our fence into our yard and out again, on three legs. We miss skating here though. I must close.—From
C. B. DARR.

P. G., St. Louis.—The next time you send us a poem, we would prefer to have it original, and of a better class of poetry.

A CORRESPONDENT sends our boys and girls the following account of a monkey show:

One evening while we were in Berlin, we went to the monkey theater. The entertainment opened with a piece called "The Waiter," and served to show what skillful waiters monkeys could be. A lady monkey and a gentleman monkey sat at a table. They were waited on by two other monkeys gayly dressed, one as a boy, the other as a girl. A very dignified elderly monkey acted the part of head waiter. They performed their parts extremely well, the attendants bringing what was called for with great alacrity. A chair was placed close to the table, on which they sprang up and placed the food, wine, nuts, etc., before the guests. The boy monkey seemed to be an adept in drinking on the sly, for when he was sent for a fresh supply of wine he managed to help himself freely to the contents of the bottle while his master's back was turned. This piece was followed by others equally amusing. There was an elephant that danced about the stage and bowed very gracefully to the audience, also a white goat, that ascended a pyramid and danced on the top, and descended amidst great applause. After that there was a

race, in which the monkeys proved themselves such excellent jockeys that we thought they were tied on the horses, until the man ordered them to jump off, which they did at a bound and as quickly resumed their seats and rode round, if possible more rapidly than at first, looking toward the audience with a very triumphant air, as much as to say: "We will show you what we can do." Then came the trained dogs: some dressed like girls, some like boys. They danced, but not very joyously. One poor white dog that was dressed up in crinoline seemed to get very tired waltzing. When she was going off the stage she did not bow very gracefully, and wanted to get down on all fours, but the manager would not let her go. As punishment, she was compelled to waltz all around the stage again, and then she made a very graceful bow—graceful for a dog. The performance closed with the storming of the walls of a city and of a citadel. The walls had the appearance of great strength, but when the army of dogs attacked them they soon gave way, although they were vigorously defended by dogs inside. There was wonderful barking and howling, but the flames soon burst forth, the walls fell down, the dogs scampered off, and the funny entertainment was at an end.

THERE was a slight mistake in the article, "A Training School for Sailors," in our March number. The words "Don't give up the ship" originated with Commodore Lawrence, but the flag on which they were inscribed was used by Commodore Perry.

Albany Road, October 19, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you three names for the Bird-defender army—Albert Rundella, Charlie Heller, and Carrie Heller.

I would like to tell you a story about four little chickens. Their mother died the day they were hatched. I took them into the house, and put them in a basket with cotton in; then I fed them, and they ate real well. Then I took them out in the garden for a little while and watched them. Then I took them into the house and covered them up and put them by the fire, and they went to sleep. Every night, when they thought it was time to go to bed, they would get up in somebody's lap; and I used to put them in their basket and cover them up. I called one Fanny, one Nanny, one Mischief, and one Gypsy. Mischief was killed by a dog that came here; the rest are alive and quite large. Fanny turned out a rooster, so I called him Frank. Every night they come and get up on the window-sill, and I put them to bed. Frank is black and golden brown; Nanny is dark brown; and Gypsy is black. Mischief was black and white.—Yours truly,
CARRIE R. HELLER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, four years old. I have a brother, Dewitt. He takes the ST. NICHOLAS, but I do not. I like some of the stories very much. The one about little Bertie and the birds was so nice. I liked it because she has my name. I like some of the letters in the back, too, very much.
BERTIE CRANE.

HERE is a letter from a little girl in Turkey. With the letter came a package of curious bread, pretty hard and quite stale, but it gave a good idea of the kind of bread the Turks eat. It was thin, like a buckwheat cake. There is a missionary paper published at Erzurum, called *Whiffs from Ararat*, and "Addie," the editor informs us, sets up most of the type for the paper, which, however, is a very small one:

Erzurum, Turkey, January 20, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little missionary girl, almost eleven years old. I like you very much, and my little two-year-old sister Belle (she calls me "Sitty Addie") likes you too, only she thinks you don't put in ponies enough. When you made your first visit to me you took me by surprise, for my papa had not told me that he had invited you. I think, if you had eyes to see, you would be very much surprised, because everything in Turkey is so queer. But, as you have n't, I will tell you something about it. You don't see anybody here with hats on. Men wear a funny red cap called a fez, and boys wear them too. Women tie their heads up in handkerchiefs, and when they go out-doors they put on a large white cloth all over them called an azeam. They have very funny bread. I will send you some, so you can see what it is. I will write again and tell you more. These things do not seem strange to me, because I was born here. I send you our little paper. These sheets of bread are nearly a yard long and half a yard wide.—Your far-off friend,
ADDIE PARMELEE.

THE following is a description of the Brazil nut, about which "Jack" inquired in the March number. Very good descriptions have been received from Tracy Lyon, Lincoln Righter, Ida A. Wendell, May B. Roys, Fanny Brady, Katie F. Gibson, "St. Nic.," and Alice Hurd:

THE BRAZIL JOVIA, CASTANIA, OR PARA NUT.

The tree sometimes reaches one hundred and twenty feet, attaining a diameter of four feet, and frequently rises one hundred feet before putting forth a branch. The nuts are not borne singly, but are packed with remarkable exactness, from twelve to twenty, in a hard,

lignous capsule, which is nearly round in shape, although inclined to pear-shape. When ripe, this pod is so heavy that it is dangerous to pass under the trees, even for Indians. Monkeys are so fond of these nuts that they hammer patiently on the capsule to obtain them. They watch for the fall of a pod with great eagerness, and should the capsule (or case) burst it is the signal for a scramble, the lively sentinels of a hundred lofty branches swinging themselves from bough to bough by means of their long tails reach the precious nuts. The Indians make use of the imitative monkeys to gather this Castania crop by pelted the animals with stones, who in turn hurl the capsules down at the human antagonists. On the river Aripicuri, a branch of the Amazon, a large number of the Indian Castanheiros ascend the stream to gather the harvest, upon which they depend for the year's subsistence. The nuts frequently constitute the sole cargo of vessels of considerable burden. Fifty thousand bushels are annually exported to England. The Para nut is the most wholesome of hard-shelled fruits, and contains a fine sweet oil, often expressed for the use of watchmakers and artists in oil colors.

Washington, D. C., February 28, 1875.

DEAR MR. SCRIBNER: Please put this piece in the ST. NICHOLAS. It is the first I ever wrote. I am just seven years old. I did as well as I could.
WALTER CLEPHANE.

Little baby lies on his bed,
Laying down his little head.

He likes to see papa,
And talks to mamma.

A baby is sweet:
I love him indeed.

He smiles when I talk;
I wish he could walk!

He rings his bell,
And I love him well.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Some of our late readers have not seen the earlier numbers of the magazine, and, therefore, do not understand all this talk about the army of Bird-defenders. As we have received several letters asking for information, we here print an extract from the original resolutions, which will explain the purpose and aims of the army. The grand muster-roll will appear next month. We will also state that Mr. Haskins will probably have something to say to the army in the June number. Meantime we hope to receive a great many new names.

The extract is as follows: "Resolved, that we severally pledge ourselves to abstain from all such practices as shall tend to the destruction of wild birds; that we will use our best endeavors to induce others to do likewise, and that we will advocate the rights of birds at all proper times."

Of the lists received this month, the following from Clanton B. Poe, of New York, takes the lead: Louis F. Sledge, Frank Thayer, Harry Samson, William Jackson, Alfred Mestry, Edward Wells, Fred Lane, Nat. Lane, Ed. Palmer, Harry Wood, Will Chase, Will Perry, Harry Brower, John Brower, Charles Bogert, Sam Bell, Joseph Bell, David Bell, Will Gordon, Fred Norton, Gus Wells, Jamie Cohen, Angus McKenzie, Malcolm McKenzie, Spencer McKenzie, Hetty Seixers, Emma Scott, Susan Huntoon, Lizzie Gregory, Winnie Gregory, Nettie Gregory, Aggie Scott, Lizzie Scott, Minnie Samson, Flora Scott, Pauline Unger, Mildred McKibbin, Jane Clooney, Kate Clooney, Mary Bannen, Carrie McGinnis, Georgiana Armond, Susie O'Brien, Cynthia Wells, Lottie Kip, Pussy Keyes, Grace Cabot, Winnie Norton, Susy White, Etta Palmer, Gracie Howard.

Then comes this list from Eutalie Guthrie, of Dawn, Ohio: Gertrude Burch, Minnie De Rush, Flora De Rush, Mabel Boes, Kate John, Carrie John, Ella John, Dolly Rush, Lilly John, Sarah Coppess, Sydney Miller, Sarah Miller, Nettie Boes, Ellen Johnson, Mary A. Johnson, Mary A. Coppess, Ella Stephens, Dora McFarland, William Sheffield, Solomon Sheffield, Alonzo Boes, John Deming, Willie Deming, John Brown, Samuel Brown, William Brown, James Brown, John McKahn, Charlie Coppess, Otwell McCowan, William McCowan, Elmer Collins, Bowen John, William John, David Reigle, Isaac Stephens, Milton John, Samuel Morrison.

Miss Annie M. Libby, of Lewiston, Me., sends the following names with a letter, which will be found in another column: John Carter Baker, George Henry Packard, Arthur Howard Dingley, Joseph Bixby Lesner, Johnny Lanagan, Albert Nye Cleveland, James Everett Small, Frank Albert Huntington, Joseph Henry Cheatham, Arthur Brown Towle, George Wood, Wesley Miller, George Emmet Lynch, Nealy Clifford, L. E. Elder, Patsy Lahey, Emma Watson

Litchfield, Abba Ardell Washburn, Luella Robbins, Effie May Pratt, Rosa D. Nealy, Belle Manning Baker, Winifred E. Nason, Emma Frances Cobb, Hattie May Whitney, and Lizzie T. Sargent.

Next we have a list from Eddie H. Eckel, of Wilmington, Del., already a Bird-defender: Lewis Hillea, Davis Grubb, D. W. Jordan, G. B. Hittinger, C. H. Hittinger, Edwin Cooling, Paul Birnie, W. M. Barrelle, Norrie Robinson, L. F. Eckel, George R. Groff, Zachary T. Guthrie, Edwin S. Farra, Robert E. Sagers, Eddie Canby, J. B. Grubb, Walter L. Butler, Eddie A. Ryon, Richard W. Gilpin, Willie S. Mitchell, Cyrus P. Enos, Willie Beggs, James Hile, David P. Michner, N. Dushane Cloward, and John J. Britt.

Florence P. Spofford sends the following list: Helen Nicolay, Lizzie M. Junken, Emily Snowden, Flora Freyhold, Mattie W. Garges, Annie Beers, Blanche Jordan, Emma Stewart, Laura Seymour, Susie Hartwell, Florence P. Spofford, R. A. Warr, John F. Clark, Dan'l Clark, Charles S. Jones, and Harry Morton.

Katy E. Gilligan sends a list: Sydney D. Gilligan, Josie D. Gilligan, Romolo Balcazer, Constance M. Burke, Nellie Gilligan, John D. Stephens, Robert M. Stephens, Minnie W. Stephens, Norma L. Freeman, Ada G. Marsh, Emily B. Giroff, Belle McKeage, Lillie Coward, and Katy E. Gilligan.

Sidney M. Prince sends the following names: Nelson Bodine, Jennie Bodine, Mattie Lester, Mary Lester, Garra Lester, George G. Prince, Cora L. Frink, George L. Dancer, Clelie L. Dancer, Eugene Dancer, Jason S. Dancer, and Alvin Dancer.

Emily T. Carow sends her own and the following names: Kity Waldo, Carrie Sutton, Genie Dart, Susy Kunhardt, Madline Smith, Kitty C. Pratt, Corinna Smith, Edith Marshall, Alice Towle, Addie Close, Annie Close, and Laura Agnew.

Charles H. Mathewson sends this list: Edwin L. Mathewson, Charles B. Tyler, S. Mason Tyler, Charles Mason, Howard Budlong, William Barbour, and Irving Hicks.

C. Burton Jones sends a few names besides his own: George N. Thompson, Jennie A. Chidsey, Ida S. Woodruff, Belle A. Woodruff, John R. Crawley, Bertha J. Woodruff, Horace L. Judd, and Charlie C. Judd.

Sadie D. Morrison joins, and sends other names as follows: Annie Brace, Mary A. Flanner, Mary Gardner, Emma B. Harwood, Emma J. Hubble, Mary E. Kansen, and Nellie Underwood.

Fannie R. Rose sends a list as follows: Kittie A. Comstock, Belle Northrop, Fannie R. Rose, Nellie A. Knowles, Chickie M. Bull, and Julia S. Savage.

Dolly W. Kirk also sends a list: Maggie Prieto, Josephine Prieto, Madeline Prieto, Margaret Sharp, and Irene Givena.

Hannah J. Powell sends this list: Annie E. Eaton, George E. Eaton, Stewart Eaton, Maud Eaton, Mattie Eaton, and George J. Powell.

Charlie Balestier sends his own name and those of Carrie Balestier, Josephine Balestier, Reatty Balestier, and Bella Hartz.

Delia M. Conkling joins with the following friends: Alice E. Palmer, Francine M. Yale, Natabe B. Conkling, Ollie H. Palmer.

Willie H. Patten joins, and sends a few other names: May Elizabeth Patten, Jessie Allen, and Emma Vandusen.

Other names have been received, as follows: George De Lorenzo Burton, Effie Thompson, Charles R. Baldwin, Belle Baldwin, Ella G. McSwaly, Willie H. McSwaly, Johnny Flagg, Annie Louise Wright, Winnie Louise Bryant, Mac Moorhead, Attie E. Campbell, J. B. Parmelee, Lolie C. Hoy, Arthur I. Clymer, Nathaniel Haven, Daisy Haven, Charles M. Davis, Richard H. Davis, Freddie H. Shelton, Lulu Conrad, Fred B. Nickerson, Willie B. Nickerson, Edward L. Anderson, Grace Nunemacher, J. Chase, Florence Balantinc, Eddie L. Heydecker, Zullee Hubbard, Katy K. Gilligan, Mamie A. Johnson, Katie S. West, Susie H. West, Fred N. West, Mabel Williston, Emily Williston, Constance B. Williston, Alice M. Williston, Willie Sherwood, and Nellie Reynolds.

OUR correspondents must remember that the numbers of ST. NICHOLAS are prepared for the press about two months previous to their date. Consequently, all matter for the Letter-Box (which is one of the latest departments prepared) should be in our hands at least two months before the first day of the month for which the magazine is published. Thus, communications for the July Letter-Box should reach us by the first of May.

Names and short items sent after that date may possibly be inserted, but it is not safe to wait.

Many very kind letters have lately been received to which it is impossible to reply in this department or otherwise, but the writers may feel sure that their generous expressions are fully appreciated.

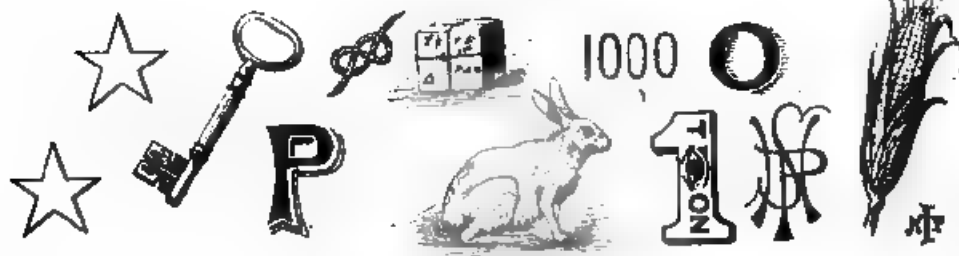
THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of six letters. My 2, 3 and my 5, 6 are both prepositions. My 6, 5, my 3, 2, and my 1, 2 are often used as interjections. My 4, 5 is a verb. My 5, 1, 4 characterizes Methusalem. My whole is a city in Europe.

J. C. M.

REBUS, No. 1.



BEHEADED BLANKS.

A PRIEST throws down a silver —
The future destiny to —
Of a couple in his church;
When lo! a private quarrel —
Between the pair, about their —
And leaves him in the lurch!

B.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

FILL the blanks with the same word used in another sense. 1. The — under the floor are of more use to a church than the — in the seats. 2. I saw the — of Tartary riding upon a — from South America. 3. A — came down my chimney and took a — from my pitcher. 4. I wonder if our fossil — are as old as the — that vexed the Jews. 5. I heard them discussing — at the counter, — that betrayed anger. B.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

HE arrived at Omaha in due time. There is not a person present who knows it. Stop a little before you proceed. Do you like smelts?

G. R. M.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

MY first is a consonant. My second is a piece of wood. My third is one of the books of the Old Testament. My fourth is a confection. My fifth is an American poetess. My sixth is a town in New York State. My seventh is to coincide. My eighth is before. My ninth is a consonant.

FAN FAN.

ELLIPSES.

1. I SAID "—" to those —. 2. I saw some — with a — on their collar. 3. You have the right — but not the right —. 4. I should not — to — in that town. 5. He has no —, and his ears are an — too long. 6. I bought some — of the — grocer. 7. — those ends, and I will — them again. 8. The — implies authority to — sin. 9. We have a — — lamb. 10. I have — it —! 11. That mutton is raw; it will — on the —! 12. The reign of — was one of the — in Egyptian history. 13. When the wind blows how that — does R.

where a (village in W. part of Putnam Co., N. Y.) was conveniently at hand, and luxuriant vines waved overhead. A fallen tree, overgrown with (a sea-port town of Norway, 32 miles S. of Christiana), made a comfortable seat, and here they passed the afternoon so pleasantly that the youth did not notice that the daylight had (the past tense of a county in N. E. Penna.), and that it was growing (a county in W. Ohio). The lady sneezed (a river in W. Tenn. which runs into the Mississippi), remarked that the (sea-port town of Scotland, S. S. W. of Glasgow) was becoming (a republic of S. America, on the Pacific Ocean), and proposed that they should return. The gentleman had unearthed a piece of (a county

REBUS, No. 2.



CHARADE.

My first, it is strong,
It is deep, it is long;
What it holds a sailor best knows.
My second is good
For animals' food,
And in various latitudes grows.

My whole is quite sweet,
And considered a treat
By little folks everywhere.
Go search through the town
For its shining brown!
If you find, do give me a share!

A. O'N.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.

A YOUNG man, named (a county in the S. part of Illinois, on the Mississippi River; a town in Bristol Co., R. I.), a (county in N. E. Indiana) youth; was a dealer in (a county in S. E. Alabama), who dwelt in one of our cities famous for its (town in Tunica Co., Miss.). Yet, though possessed of wealth, he was not content; something was still wanting to complete his felicity, and that was a blissful (county in the W. central part of Ohio) by marriage with a certain lady named (a county in S. middle part of Va.), whose (city in Cayuga Co., N. Y.) locks had captivated him. One fine day, he invited her to accompany him in a ramble over the hills, and she, being a good (county in N. W. Georgia and town in S. part of Chataqua Co., N. Y.), consented; and they set out, with his dog following. And that animal, in his joy at his (town in N. E. part of Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.), seemed to be trying to turn (the plural of a town in N. E. part of Niagara Co., N. Y.), to show his happiness. About half-way up one of the hills, they sat down in a dell shaded by a (town in Burlington Co., N. J.),

in S. E. Miss.) with his (county in N. E. Ill.), and by some hard (county in central Ohio) against a rock, broke off a piece of it, which he gave to the lady as a memento. She presented him in return with a branch of (a county in S. E. Kentucky). The dog, having fallen asleep, with his head on the gentleman's hat, heedless of the (plural of a county in S. E. center of Mo.) he might make thereby, was now awakened; and with the light of the (island of Russia in the Baltic) to guide them, while the (county in N. W. center of Penna.) of a distant (county in central part of Texas) warned them of the lateness of the hour, they wended their way homeward. At a point where the path turned to the (county toward S. part of Mo.), they stopped a moment to (a mountain in N. W. part of Ga.) at the lovely valley, and village with its twinkling lights. Finally, when they reached the door of the house where the lady resided, they stood talking in the moonlight, and the youth, resolved to win her if possible, pressed his suit, and said: "Is there no (town in Warren Co., N. J.) for me?" But she sadly replied: "(A village in Edgar Co., Ill., E. of Springfield), you must see that I do not reciprocate your love. Oh! (a river of England, flowing into the Severn near Chepstow) did you ask? But if we must part, let it be in (a post township of Aroostook Co., Me.), and without heart—(a city of France, 17 miles S. of Marseilles)."

M. C.

EASY PUZZLE.

TAKE one hundred and one,
And to it affix
The half of a dozen,
Or, if you please, six.
Put fifty to this,
And then you will see
What every good child
To all others should be.

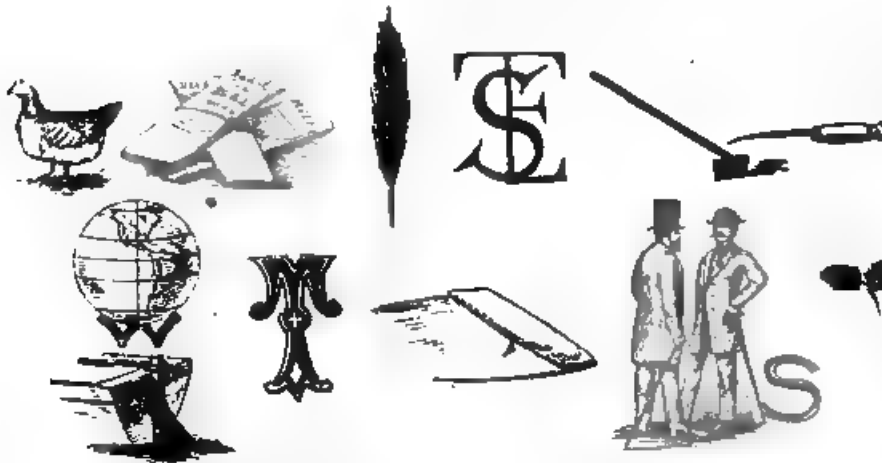
M. E.

CHARADE.

MY first, to shield himself from my third, wears my second. My whole is an island of the United States.

RUTHVEN.

REBUS, No. 3.



SQUARE RIVERS.

A RIVER in Utah. A river in Spain. A river in Italy. A river in Minnesota.

ST. N.

THE initials and finals form a flower. 1. A looking-glass. 2. A boy's name. 3. An Egyptian deity. 4. To divide.

DECAPITATIONS.

BEHEAD a city; get a disease. Behead a river; get part of the body. Behead a plan; get an animal. Behead a river; get severed. Behead a color; get a useful article in a house. NIP.

PYRAMID.

THE left slope is a timepiece. The central is an injury. The right slope is a people of Europe. The cross-words are: 1. A consonant. 2. A verb. 3. To turn. 4. Angles. 5. A will. R. M.

PUZZLE.

UNTO a certain numeral one letter join—sad fate! What first was solitary, you will annihilate. A. B. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER

ENIGMA.—"When Greek meets Greek." (Easy, because it contains no vowel but e.)

HIDDEN LAKES.—1. Erie. 2. Wener. 3. Pepin. 4. Earn. 5. Itasca.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.—Lisa, Sail, Leer, Reel

L—iverpool—L
J—rene—E
A—nemon—E
S—bovele—R

PUZZLE.—1. Coleridge (G recoiled). 2. Chatterton (T chatter on). 3. Whitier (H witier).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Portia, Hermit

P—eo—H
O—nos—A
R—oa—M
T—el—L
I—di—E
A—n—T

REBUS, No. 1.—"Men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Venice, Athens.

V—irgini—A
E—ryp—T
N—oric—H
I—al—E
C—ribbes—N
E—uphrate—S

LINKADCTIONS.—1. Stale, State. 2. Fell, Felt. 3. Will, Wilt.

SQUARE WORD.—

POSSY
OVATE
EARED
STEED
YEDDO

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

D
M A P
M I N U S
M I L D R E D
D A N D E L I O N
P U R L I N G
S R I N E
D O G
N

GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.—Amsterdam.

REVERSALS.—1. Gulp, Plug. 2. Dine, Enid. 3. Rats, Star.

4. Arc, Era. 5. Live, Evil. 6. Pins, Snip. 7. Nuts, Stum.

THE TRA-PARTY.—Catie, Fred, Cake, Tarts, Candy, Nuts,

Party, Seven, Sleep, Dreams.

TRANPOSITIONS.—1. Allowable, All below a. 2. Exhibition, No

1 exhibit. 3. Parted, Depart. 4. Modelers, Mere dolls. 5. Dis-

perse, Presides.

REBUS, No. 2.—"Is it a dagger that I see before me?"

CHARADE.—Wake-robin (Trillium).

EASY METAGRAMS.—Mold, Gold, Cold, Bold, Fold, Hold, Old, L.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

B
D O N
A L L E R
H O L I V I A
H A V R E
A I X
A

CENTRAL PUZZLE.—St. Nicholas. 1. CaSte. 2. Altar. 3. CaNec. 4. Alias. 5. MacCaw. 6. OcHre. 7. OvOld. 8. PaLey.

9. PiAno. 10. ReSin.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Clink, Link, Ink, Chair, Hair, Air.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, previous to March 18, from Eddie H. Eckel, John S. Rogers, James P. Sullivan, Patsy Boliver, Minnie Emory and Mollie Stark, B. Sewall, Lulu Paine, Lokie C. Hoy, E. S. Gregory, "Cock-Robin," "Jenny Wren," Laure C. Marcellus, Lottie E. Frost, Louie Frost, G. C. Mosher, Bessie H. Van Cleef, Annie E. Thayer, Charlie Balesber, Fanny Cushing, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Frank S. Halsey, L. B. Coggeshall, Frank Belknap, Beamy Johnson, Harry C. Powers, Jessie Barnes, William M. Jones, Clinton B. Poe, J. Wade McGowan, Rachel Hutchins, Johnny Flagg, Frank H. Belknap, W. H. Rowe, Mary Lucia Hubbard, Jessie R. Sharp, Willie H. Patten, Frederic B. Studwell, Charlie E. Maxfield, Hannah Taylor, James J. Ormsbee, Annie Louise Wright, Gertrude C. Eager, Winnie Louise Bryant, Ellen G. Hodges, Hattie H. Jones, May Ogden, Mary E. Goodwin, George S. Smith, "Agnes Wickfield" and "Betsy Trotwood," Willie Boucher Jones, Clara Lee, Lulie M. French, Julia Bacon, Clara Hurd, H. B. Nichols, Attie E. Campbell, Jennings Brjan, John L. Woolfolk, "Tasco," Helen B. Hall, George L. Crockett, Mary J. Tilghman, Dorothea, Florence L. Spafford, Charlotte W. R., Anson Cuyler Bangs, Nathaniel Haven, Bessie Gardoer, Fred B. White, Elmer E. Burlingame, Belle M. Evans, W. Dibblee, C. Brabrook, Emmie T. Lane and Hattie M. Coe, Allie and Paul Murphy, Marion E. Burke, Allie Anthony, Fred B. Nickerson, Frank Havens, Edward L. Anderson, Emily Bodstein, Grace Nunemacher, Eugenia Pratt, Fannie H. Smith, May Keith, Joseph C. Beardsley, Willie Mosher, Charlie D. Shay, Laurens T. Postell, Nellie S. Colby, E. C. Powles, Nellie F. Elliott, Perry C. Ellis, Carrie Simpson, Willie S. Burns, Helen Worrell Clarkson, Keyda Richardson, Marcia E. Billings, Harry Westmore, "Gussie," J. Chase, S. Walter Goodson, George Brady, Katy E. Gilligan, "Jamie and Lucy," Mamie A. Johnson, Fannie B. Hubbard, "Menelaus," Edward Roomie, W. H. Healy, Bertha E. Sakmarah, Florence Lockwood, Leon Haskell, Edwin E. Sloan, Ida and Rosa Simons, Lena Tilghman, Fred Richardson, Bessie R. Vroom.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now, then, my dears, this is delightful! The flowers and the early peas hurrying up out of the ground, and the children hurrying out of the houses, all anxious to get into the open air once more. And I know the open air will do you all good.

Here's a letter from a relative of mine. It was written in Winter quarters, but I guess he's up by this time.

LETTER FROM JACK'S COUSIN.

Fence Corner, foot of the Apple Orchard,
Delaware Co., Pa., April 2, 1875.

DEAR COUSIN JACK: As I and my family are preparing to appear on the Spring carpet, it occurred to me that you would like to know what kind of winds ripple down our way, and what are the chances here for a fine season. The fact is, the Winter has been so stubborn that until yesterday I did not dare to stretch a root; but to-day, oh! what a lovely sun! I feel a warmth all through me, and my family are declaring that it is time to go out of doors. I also hear my neighbor Bloodroot making efforts. You know he is the pioneer in this Spring business. My wife declares that when she thinks of what she has to do before appearing above ground she is all in a flurry. The children up at the house have been in a fuss, too, to-day. Nan and Cad have been scouring the orchard with a great wooden rake, gathering up grass and sticks, and Phil came with them, picking up stones. When they came to our corner, Nan said:

"Here's where my Indians grow."

"Indians!" said Carrie. "What do you mean?"

"Why, my little Indian turnips, that ought to be up by this time."

I smiled, because I knew that we would be up quite soon enough, considering this curious weather, but still both my wife and I were ever so much pleased to think that the children were so anxious to see us. And knew just where to come to look for us, too! That's because we are old friends.

Then they all began to talk about violets and my other neighbors. Lou said:

"I heard a pee-wee to-day, and that is a sure sign of Spring; and Mr. Cerulean Bluebird and his wife, Azorelia, are building in the house with a steeple, up by the hot-house; and his cousin, Truc Blue, with his dear little wife, are building next door, and there goes a robin—and hush, a song-sparrow is singing. Oh! don't I feel good!"

They have all gone,—I mean the children,—and I am aching to make my appearance in the upper world.

By the way, I heard the children say something about a little schoolmarm, an acquaintance of yours. I should like to know her. I wish to propound this question to her: How is it that, when all our family are poked away to sleep all Winter under the ground, you are so sprightly, and hold forth to all those children that are around you with so much vigor? I want an answer from her, for I have a notion

she's smart. I wish she could bring some of her little pupils down our way in May. Our apple orchard is my pride, and then, in my fence-corner grows a real hawthorn. Oh! apple blooms and hawthorn blossoms!—Affectionately yours,
INDIAN TURNIP.

As to that question, I'll let the pretty school-mistress answer it. I could do it myself, but it's no more than polite to leave it to her.

WHAT IS A BERRY?

Do my boys and girls know what a berry is?

Hark! I think I hear a gentle burst of laughter coming from far and near.

"Ha! ha!" it seems to say, "do you think *we* don't know what berries are; we who are so fond of strawberries and raspberries and blackberries? Ha! ha! ha!"

Well, laugh away, my dears; I love to hear the merry sound. But just let me tell you something that I learned by listening to the birds. Raspberries and strawberries are well enough, but the orange is a berry, too. Did you know that? Why, the lemon may be a berry, for aught I know.

Now if this is news to you, I advise you to look into the subject a bit. Find out just what a berry is. Blackberries, strawberries, and raspberries speak for themselves, but how can you know that the grape is a berry unless you inquire? Get out your dictionaries, botanies, and encyclopedias, and when you find what you want on this subject, be sure to *take it out of doors* with you when the berries are ripening, so that you may observe knowingly.

COOLING THE THERMOMETER.

ONE Winter's day a boy thought he'd play a trick on the pretty school-mistress, and make her think the room was fearfully cold. So he put his face close to the thermometer, under pretense of seeing where the mercury stood, and then very slyly blew upon it as hard as he could. Then he went to his seat, pretending to shiver, as if he felt very cold. The school-mistress, seeing him shiver, instantly walked to the place where the thermometer hung.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed. "The mercury stands at 92°. Open the windows!"

The boy stared, as well he might. He had not cooled the thermometer at all, but had sent the mercury up to more than Summer heat.

"Very queer," thought he. "When I want to cool my porridge, I blow it. Why don't the same thing cool a thermometer, I'd like to know?"

So should Jack like to know. Who can tell him?

READY-MADE HONEY-COMB.

A SPARROW who often looks into the conservatory belonging to the house where he makes his home, tells me that he has there seen a flower which resembles a ready-made honey-comb, with a drop of honey hanging from each petal. He thought the bees would give up working if they saw this flower. The gardener called it *Hoya carnosa*. When I told this to the bee who visits me every day, he was quite indignant.

"Tell Mr. Sparrow," he buzzed, "that appearances are deceitful; that it is only the raw material

for real wax and honey that is kept by the flowers. We bees must do the manufacturing business ourselves."

THE MONKEY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A LADY who knows that Jack likes to tell you true stories about animals, has sent me a letter with permission to show it to all my boys and girls. Here it is:

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you about Jocko, a bright, mischievous little monkey, which my friend, Mrs. G., brought from India. She says: "He liked going to sea, and was a great favorite with the sailors. He would run up the mast and look down with an air of triumph, as much as to say, 'See how much better I can do it than you!' I made him a suit of clothes, little blue trousers, red jacket and a sailor cap. He was delighted with it, and when I went on deck always came to meet me, ready for a frolic. He often played tricks upon the sailors, but never took any liberties with me. One day, I carried a looking-glass on deck, and called Jocko to come and look in. He was wonderfully pleased to see what he supposed was another monkey. He jabbered at it, and expressed his delight in sundry contortions of his queer little face. Almost all animals are social in their nature, and suffer from loneliness when separated from their kind. At last he stopped his antics, and stretched his arm around the mirror to feel the back of it. The instant he discovered the deception he flew into a terrible passion. He seemed to understand at once that it was no living monkey, and he thought I meant to cheat him. I had to run to save myself from a terrible scratching. He never forgot it, and from that time we ceased to be friends, for monkeys are slow to forgive what they think an insult. Whenever I walked on deck the sailors had to keep him out of sight. I was sewing in my room one day, when he found his way there, and flew at me so furiously that, if my screams had not brought help, I think he would have killed me. Nevertheless, I mourned for Jocko when he died, for I never ceased to hope that we should be friends again in time."

Newburyport, Mass.

BIRD'S NEST IN A HEAD OF CABBAGE.

SHOULDN'T you consider a cabbage-head rather a queer place for a bird's nest? I thought so when a bird-friend of mine who has traveled a good deal told me of it.

There is an island named Jersey, that belongs to England, but lies nearer to the French coast. (Our state of New Jersey was named after it.) On this island a cabbage-stalk had grown to a height of sixteen feet; and in its top was a magpie's nest. A magpie is not a very tiny bird, you must understand. He is almost, if not quite as big as a crow. This cabbage was rather tall of its kind, but the stalks frequently grow to a height of from ten to twelve feet. Walking-sticks are very commonly made of them. The bird did n't say whether or not these cabbages were good for anything besides walking-sticks and places for birds' nests; but I suppose they must be good to eat, or people would not cultivate them.

Do you know anything about this kind of cabbage?

TREE-FERNS.

WHAT will the modest little ferns, my neighbors, say to this?

A family of cousins of theirs, living among the Himalaya Mountains, in Hindostan, are so ambitious that they have grown to be trees. Big trees, too, for I am told there is now in the British Museum a Himalayan tree-fern stem that is over fifty feet long. These Himalayan ferns are not the only ones of their large family that have been so aspiring as to grow into trees, but they are said to be the largest tree-ferns now living.

COAL MADE OUT OF FERNS.

TALKING of tree-ferns, an owl friend of mine says that in the old, old days, thousands of years before your grandmothers were born, there were very many of these ferns that grew as big—as big as—well, I don't know how big, but very tall and very large indeed—many times larger than the one in the British Museum.

I told you as much as this months ago, do you remember? and how these tree-ferns are burned every day in your homes? You don't call them wood now. They've another name—coal. Ferns are not the only things that, in past ages, grew and died and hardened into coal when nobody was looking.

CEDRON NUTS.

DID you ever hear of cedron nuts? And do you know what they're good for? I am told that the kind found in New Grenada is a certain cure for the bite of the rattle-snake. The natives pound the nut, and bind it upon the wound, and also give the patient a strong decoction of cedron-nuts in whisky. To fully ascertain the benefit of this cure, you'll have to go to New Grenada to get bitten, because, if a rattle-snake should bite you in the Catskills, you'd hardly have time to go to New Grenada for a cedron-nut.

My object in mentioning the matter at all is simply to enlarge your sphere of information and investigation. Besides, I'd like to hear how a cedron-nut looks, and perhaps some of you can tell me.

WILLIAM GRIMM'S COURTING.

A FEW months ago, Jack told you a story about Jacob Grimm. Now you shall have something about his brother, sent to me by your friend, Mr. Butterworth:

Some people who write books never marry. It's a pity, because those who write books are such good folks. Jacob and William Grimm, who wrote the fairy stories, were bachelors. They always lived together and worked together, and wrote in a wonderfully contented way before either had a wife or children. At last, they thought it best that one of them should marry. Neither wanted a wife a bit—which should it be?

After long waiting, Jacob, the older brother, concluded to be generous and self-forgetful, and relieve William of his share in the difficulty by taking the burden of a wife upon himself. So he selected a handsome young lady, but here he hesitated again and delayed, for he did not like to do the courting. William thought he would encourage him a little by going to see the young lady himself. He found her so handsome and engaging that he immediately fell in love with her, and to his surprise found courting the most agreeable thing in the world. But the lady was Jacob's by selection—now what was to be done? Here was trouble again.

An aunt went to Jacob, very kindly, and said:

"William is in love—he cannot wrong you—what shall he do?"

"This is the most joyful tidings I ever heard," said Jacob. "Let him have her—let him have her!" And he packed his trunk and started off for the Harz Mountains.

William married, and Jacob came to live with him. In time he loved William's wife and little children very much. One of these children became a noble and useful man. And the two brothers grew old together, and when they were not writing books of great learning they did that other good thing—they wrote fairy stories for little children.

A MERE REMARK OF JACK'S.

THIS story of bachelor Jacob Grimm reminds me, though I hardly know why, of the crusty old bachelor who made a will leaving his entire fortune to be divided among the girls who had refused him.

"For to them," he added, feelingly, "I owe all my earthly happiness."

TO THE ARMY OF THE "LITTLE CORPORAL."

(FROM ITS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.)

DEAR LITTLE COMRADES: After ten years of faithful service, the "Corporal" has been put upon the retired list. We have had a long, brave march together, and it is hard parting company. You will miss your leader, and we shall miss the words of courage and devotion that came from the gallant army, East and West, North and South. But remember, you are none of you mustered out of service. Your new leader, ST. NICHOLAS, enrolls his soldiers by the same pledge under which you first enlisted—"For the Good, the True, and the Beautiful"—and the "Corporal" feels safe and satisfied in leaving you to his guidance. May he have your hearty service and affection, and may every soldier win by honorable deeds the cross of the Legion of Honor!

LITTLE CORPORAL, *Commander-in-Chief.*

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER,
PRIVATE QUEER,
PRUDY, } *Officers of Staff.*

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE late followers of the "Little Corporal" will be most heartily welcome among their new comrades, and a poem from Mrs. Miller, which is to appear in our next number, will show them that they have not lost their old friend, while the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will see by the same token that they have gained a new one.

THE following letter from a boy in New Jersey is quite timely, considering how popular spelling matches have lately become. It's rather long, but we have concluded to print it all:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about our spelling match. There has been a good many of them, but this was the worst one of all. It was at Mr. Henderson's house, who is our minister. Some of the big boys and girls were let in, but I was not big enough. Still, I did get in, because the sides was n't even, and I went in on one side to fill up. It would have made you laugh to hear them spell. The older they was the worse they spelled generally. It seemed to me as if it was hardly any use for some people to learn how to spell when they are little. I got out pretty soon on "snufey." I spelt it with two o's, and it did not have any. Then the doctor, he went down smack on "ipeccacuanha." That was funny, too, because he ought to know all about medicines. He left out the h. But when they all laughed, he said he never wrote any more of it than "ipeccac" on prescriptions, and so he had got out of the way of remembering the last part. I asked him if the last part of the medicine was a't any good to sick people, and he said, "No, sir, not in the least." I don't believe he liked it much. Then down went Miss Helen Baker on "innuendoes." She only gave it one n and no tail e. She is old enough to know how to spell better than that, though I did not know it had two n's till I looked in the dictionary. There was a big Webster on the table to use if there was any fuss about words. I used it most of the time after I got out, and I wanted awfully to tell Jim Connor how to spell "apocrypha," but Mr. Henderson kept looking at me, and I could n't. So he got a k in, and down went Jim. It was funny about Jim, because he spelt "catechism" and "gauger" and "unparalleled" with no trouble at all. Then pop went Mr. Henderson on "diocesan." And he a minister, too. I was pretty glad of it, because he was so strict about Jim. Jim could spell them all out if they'd only give him a chance. There was a good many real hard words, such as "cachinnation" and "diereis" (I looked in the dictionary for all the spelling words in this letter, because I did n't want to get them wrong in ST. NICHOLAS), and "trivallabic," "movable," "singing," "woefully," "apophthegm," "villainy," "ratably," "conferable," "ecstasies," "skillful," "mnemonics," and a lot of others that look easy enough, but just you try to spell them before a whole parlorful (I know that's right by "spoonful," which was too much for Miss Jane Miller) of people. The last ones that was left was Mr. Baxter (he's a printer) and Mary Knowles. Mary Knowles is only fourteen, and lives out of town a little way; but I tell you, she can spell. Mr. Henderson said there is nearly always a printer for one of the last

ones. They went along lively for a while, both knowing everything, and then Mr. Baxter, he got "saccharine," and he went straight at it: "S, a, one c, h, a, r, i, n, e," and then how they all did laugh on one side, and Mary Knowles, she just spelt it out with two c's as quick as lightning, and I tell you they gave her three cheers, if it was the minister's parlor. I hope they will get up another soon.—Yours truly,

WILLIAM J. BURTON.

Lebanon, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you ask some other young subscribers to tell me why, in the Creed, we say: "We believe in the Holy Catholic Church," when we do not?—Yours respectfully,

MARY HENCK.

The term "Catholic," when used as above, means the whole Christian Church, and does not refer to the Roman Catholic Church, as Mary Henck evidently supposes. "Catholic" means universal, or general.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS CHILDREN: I am twelve years old; but as I am an only child, and very lame, so that I have to spend most of my days in a chair, I have no chance to study or play with other children as most of you have. But I have thought that among you all there might be some others who are sickly like me, and it is to these I have a word to say.

One of the things that make me feel my difference from other children the most, is that I cannot go to school, or even study very much at home; but I lately read something that has encouraged me very much, and I thought I would tell it to you. Perhaps it might help some of you, too.

I read it in a very nice book called, "In the Home of the Presidents," by Mrs. Laura C. Holloway. It contains the lives of all of the wives of the Presidents of the United States, and of some of their daughters. One of the most interesting lives to me was that of Mrs. Abigail Adams, wife of Mr. John Adams. She was such a talented woman, so noble a woman, that all respected and loved her. Her letters are beautiful, I think; almost as beautiful as her face, which looks out at you from the book full of loving care for others. I don't believe she ever thought much of herself.

And now for the thing that encouraged me. It seems that Mrs. Adams, intelligent woman as she was, never went any to school, because, when a girl, she was always sick. She educated herself, and that so well that no one could fail to respect her, just by reading good books, like histories and biographies and travels and books about natural history, and by writing letters to her friends about the things she had read.

There was no dear ST. NICHOLAS then to come once a month and talk with her, but how much she would have enjoyed it if there had been. It really makes me sorry that little Abby Smith (that was Mrs. Adams' name when she was a girl) could n't have known the comfort of it.

Good-bye, dear friends, that I can never see, but seem to know so well.—Your ever loving

RHODA CANFIELD.

Redwing, Minn., March 27th, 1875.

Is there not a *fourth* word—Dunderhead (D-under-head)—found in that puzzle of the March number, in addition to the words "deface," "defeat," and "detail?"

MINNIE.

Several of our readers found it there, Minnie; and we are glad to give this credit to them and you for extra ingenuity.

K. H. ALLAN.—In a double acrostic, each line or sentence denotes a certain word, and when the proper words for *all* the lines have been guessed, the initial letters of these words read downward will be found to form a word having the meaning accorded to the initials in the puzzle, and the finals, read in the same way, a word corresponding with the meaning given to them.

If you will take the trouble to compare carefully a double acrostic in some number of ST. NICHOLAS with its answer in the next number, you will probably understand at once the process of guessing these puzzles.

HERE is a letter from a little girl, which we give just as she wrote it:

Dear St. Nicholas.
Do The Little
The girls That
are "Bird De-
fenders" wear
Fathers ON
Their hats?

Flora S.
Dunton.

Stuttgart, February 28, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please answer me a question which has been puzzling me for some time? Why is the great cave in Kentucky called "mammoth?" I always thought it had its name from its immense size, but one of my teachers said the name came from the great number of bones of the mammoth and other extinct animals found there. Not only my teacher explains the name in this manner, but also a renowned French Magazine, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

I am from Kentucky, and was in the cave myself, but I never saw nor heard anything of mammoth-bones there.

Everybody in the family expects your magazine for March, and will be delighted when it arrives. Mamma, my sister, and I are charmed with the "Eight Cousins," and a friend of mine nearly always asks me when she meets me, "How is Jack?"

With many wishes for your welfare, I remain, your friend and admirer,
ANNA HELMKE.

We think that the Mammoth Cave was so called on account of its size. The mammoth was larger than almost any other beast, and this cave is larger than almost any other cave.

But if any one can give a good reason for supposing that the name came from the fact of mammoth-bones having been found in the cave, let him say so.

Georgetown, Miss., April 5, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do you think it is right to take birds' eggs for a collection, that is, if you leave two or three eggs in the nest?

I began to make a collection last Summer, and should like to add to it next Summer, but I don't know that a Bird-defender ought. Will you please say what you think in the Letter-Box?

I have been helping make a bird-house to put up in one of our trees, and hope some birds will make it their home. It will hold two bird-families.

EDWARD K. TITUS, per Mamma.

We think that unless Edward has a very good reason for making his collection, it is not well for him to rob a bird's nest, even of part of its eggs. As far as the destruction of our birds is concerned, it is pretty much the same thing as taking one or two of the young ones—if he happened to want them for a collection.

But, of course, there are exceptions in such cases; just as it is occasionally justifiable to shoot birds merely to stuff them. But we think that boys can make collections of many things that will be more complete and more useful than a collection of birds' eggs.

THE names of new Bird-defenders, together with the Grand Muster-Roll, will be found in an appendix.

HERE is a letter from a boy who has some peculiar troubles:

"Old Fort," Amsterdam, N. Y., March 28, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been, for the last two days, so interested in the latest number of ST. NICHOLAS that mother can't get me to bring a pail of water or a scuttle of coal. She says that I read it so much that I am full of the "Old Nick," and she mildly suggests that I may have the pleasure of leaving it alone at the end of this volume. I think likely I shall!

You may put my name among your list of Bird-defenders, and I will do my best to prevent the destruction of birds, all except an old Shanghai rooster and eight or ten hens that belong to our nearest neighbor, and allow me the painful necessity of planting my garden seed about six or seven times a year, and never lay an egg for me to pay for it.

We would say to our young friend that, while we think his case is a hard one, he had better always attend to the water and coal business, and read ST. NICHOLAS when his work is done. It is wonderful how a clear conscience will help a boy or a girl to see the point of a conundrum or to take a lively interest in a good story.

As to that Shanghai gentleman and his family, we think it would be well to include them among the birds to be defended. Our young gardener should see that there are no holes in his garden fence, and if the Shanghai family fly over the fence, he should try and induce their owner to clip their wings, so as to "allow them the necessity" of staying in their own yard. There is no better way to defend a boy or a chicken than to keep him out of mischief.

We have recently received a great many letters from the boys and girls concerning their curious pets, and we should be glad to print these if there were room for them. But here is such an interesting narrative about a queer little fellow, that we must crowd it into the Letter-Box.

MY NEWT.

I found him in the woods. Returning from a long walk, I stopped at a spring while my companion was getting a drink. As George stooped to drink he caught sight of something in the spring, and called to me to come and see what a big pollywog there was there. I looked in, but at first did not see anything. Directly, however, a spotted creature darted from under some dead leaves lying on the bottom of the spring, and took refuge under a shelving rock. Now

the pool was about two feet deep, and the water icy cold; but I was determined to catch the fellow and see what it was. So, pulling off my jacket, and rolling up my shirt sleeves as high as possible, I thrust my hand down into the cold depths of the spring.

I felt cautiously under the edge of the rock, and feeling something soft and very much like a tail, I drew it forth, and presto! it was n't there. I soon found that he was a slippery fellow, and conducted my operations accordingly. I finally cooped him up in one corner of the spring, and then, with a sudden sweep of my hand, I scooped him out upon the grass. Hastily securing him with one hand, I tore a large piece out of my pocket (it was an old jacket), and wetting it in the spring, I wrapped him up in it. Then we "put" for home, stopping at every spring we passed to wet the cloth surrounding the creature, in order that he might not suffer for lack of water, for I did n't know the amphibious nature of the beast.

At length, reaching home, I quickly gave my captive the range of a tumbler of water. I now had leisure to examine him. He was about three inches long, of a greenish-yellow color, beautifully spotted with red and black, like a trout. He had a long tail and four legs, like a lizard. His eyes were bright as diamonds, and his shape was graceful enough, tapering easily from the hind legs to the tip of the tail.

Finding that he seemed dissatisfied with his close quarters in the tumbler, I began to look about to find some other more comfortable home for him.

It so happened that I had a broken glass jar, the bottom fragment of which was about nine inches in diameter and five or six in depth. I washed this out most thoroughly, and, putting a little clean white sand in the bottom, and filling it up with water from the well, I placed the creature in it, and told him to "sink or swim." He did both. I then consulted authorities, and found that he was a *water*. I also found that I must furnish his home with some sort of aquatic plant. Upon learning this I descended into the well with a hammer, and chipped off some pieces of stone with liverwort growing on them, and climbing up again (a feat not easily accomplished with a hammer in one hand and pieces of stone in the other), I furnished my aquarium, as I determined to call it, with the required vegetable occupants. I then deposited the jar on a window-sill, where he remained over night. Next morning I found him placidly kicking the liverwort about, and looking out through the sides of his prison.

I did not disturb him much until the next day about noon, when I poured in some clean sand, and a water-snail or two to act as scavengers and keep things clean.

Some days after this, setting his jar upon a board laid across the top of the water-hogshead, I went away, leaving him for the afternoon, during which a slight shower set in, and did not return until evening. Upon going out to take in my newt, I found the jar tenantless. I searched for him for a long time on the ground near by, but with no success. At length it occurred to me to look in the water-hogshead, and lo! there was Mr. Newt, industriously swimming about and bumping his poor little nose against the sides of the hogshead. The shower had filled his jar to the top, and Mr. Newt, seeing his way clear, had pitched himself over the side into the hogshead.

But, two or three days after this adventure, I set him out on the roof, so that he might look about him and enjoy the prospect through the sides of the jar, to which he had now become quite reconciled. I went back into the house, took up a book, and began to read. In an hour and a-half or two hours, upon going back to the jar, I found that my newt had, in some mysterious way, made his escape. I searched the roof and the ground below for a long time, but could find no trace of him, so that I finally came to the conclusion that I had lost him this time for good. But I can't imagine how he got out of the jar.

Sometimes I wonder where he went. Perhaps he returned to his native spring and related his surprising and wonderful adventures to all the respectable newts of his acquaintance, and became quite a hero on account of them. But at all events, I never more saw even the tail of him.

H. PRINCE.

ANSWERS to Allan Curtis' question about the Bible have been received from a large number of boys and girls, and will be credited next month.

The diagram of "The Croquet Game," published in the May number, will also appear in the July Letter-Box.

TRANSLATIONS of the French story in the March number were received from the following persons, too late for acknowledgment in the April number, but previous to April 10th: Minnie E. Hanchett, George T. Linn, Agnes L. Bullard, Louisa W. Finley, Jennie Sinclair Neil, "Cupid and Chow-Chow," Martha H. Lamberton, Mrs. Nance, Emily A. Gemmill, Isabel Rieman, Mary Faulkner, "Ida Ho," E. N. Ritchie, Miss Theresa Hays, Edward P. Draper, Lulu A. Wilkinson, Susie M. Walker, Edward L. Anderson, Augusta H. Imhorst, Bettie A. Burwell, W. H. Whiting, Fannie C. Mason, Mary C. Mason, W. E. Hall, Mary S. Clark, Ettie E. Loomis, Mary McLean, Blanche Moulton, Lizzie Hazeltine, Katie H. McMath, Gus Mower, Nettie Cooke, Charlie Mead, Sara M. Lodey, Olivia M. Nicholson, Lizzie V. B. Parker, "Amy Robeart," Alice W. Ives, Leila Graves, J. B., W. G. C., Katie M. Wilcox, Emilie L. Haines, Herbert T. Abrams, Emily Irving Smith, Martha L. Cox, Arnold Guyot Cameron, "Albertine and Alice," Mamie A. Hustis, L. R. Thorne, "Marie Antoinette," Winnie W. Tinker, Helen Rand, "Marie, aged thirteen," Pattie L. Collins, Marie Wright, Harriet F. Abbott, Emily Bodstein, Lillie Siminon, "Elise-Maine," E. A. F., Nettie Ives, "C. B. S.—An American Boy in Germany," Lillie Hustis, Mamie C. Brown, Joseph Nixon, Clara M. Valentine, Sadie D. Hudnut, Frances M. Woodward, Laura H. Warner, Bessie Townsend, Mabel Heard, Margaret C. Davis, and Henry Fay Perry.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

RIDDLE.

My whole can ride the ocean wave;
Cut off my head, eight lives you save.
Replace my head, cut off my tail,
And over me 't is hard to sail. E. W. S.

TRANSMUTATIONS.

1. WHEN a letter is told to any one, it is cut off. 2. When a letter becomes a token, it carries a flag. 3. When a letter goes at a moderate pace, it becomes a receptacle for liquids. 4. When a letter is very unpunctual, it stands alone. 5. When a letter is uplifted, it is scratched out. 6. When a letter is made, it becomes less valuable. 7. When a letter cries aloud, it becomes certain useful organs. 8. When a letter is defunct, it is made over. 9. When a letter breathes, it becomes irritating. 10. When a letter has been followed, it becomes scandalous. 11. When a letter departs, it becomes a voluntary exile. HAWKEYE.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

"STAND by the rigging!" "Aye, aye, sir." UNCAS.

ENIGMA.

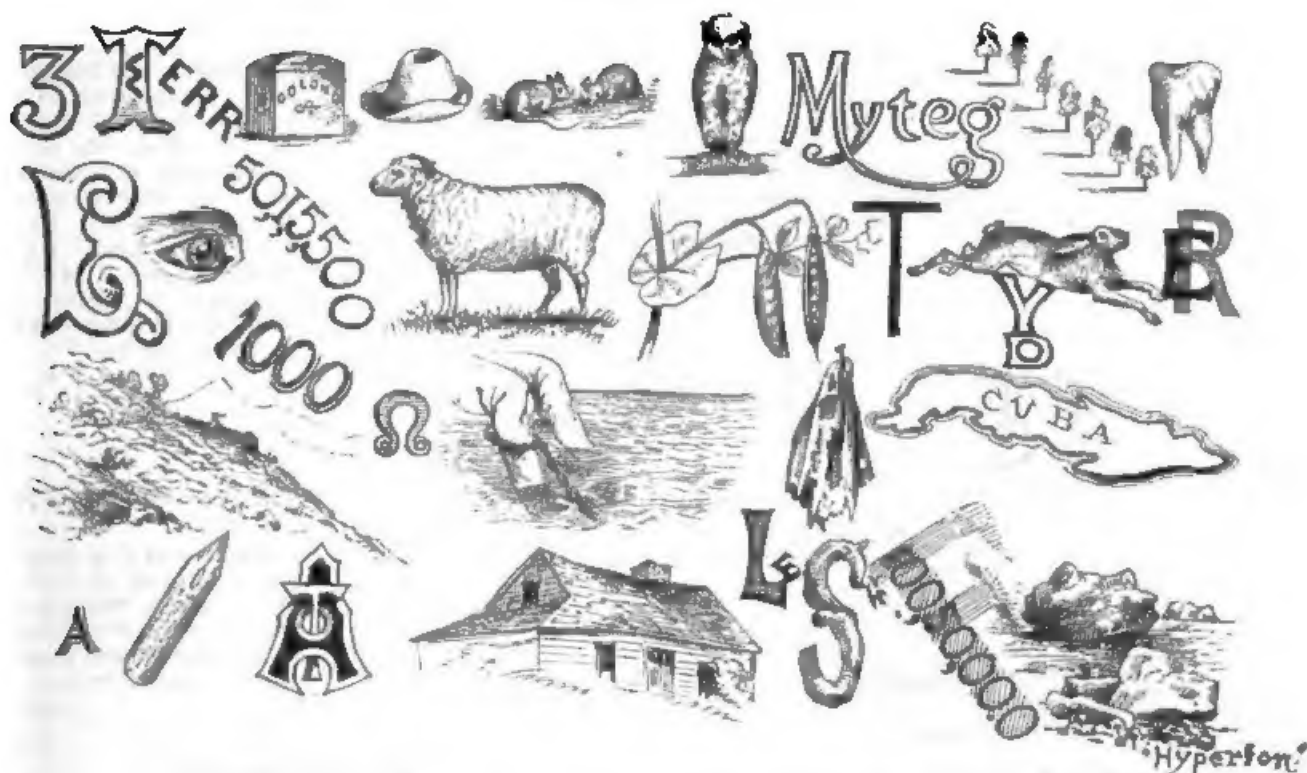
I AM composed of twelve letters. My 7, 8, 6, 4, 11, 3 is cultivated ground. My 10, 8, 6 is a cement. My 9, 2, 12, 4 is the outer coat of a melon. My 4, 2, 3 is a loud noise. My 1, 3, 10, 5 a party of the human family. My whole is a method of instruction. J. C. M.

CHARADE.

A WORD of eleven letters behold,
And yet can be spelled with four all told.

My first is applied to a maid young or old;
My second 's a very small word;
My third you will do when you sup again;
My fourth is two-thirds of my third. POLK.

REBUS, No. 1.



HALF WORD-SQUARE.

1. PERTAINING to the public revenue. 2. A peculiar form of expression. 3. To delay or suspend proceedings. 4. A shed. 5. A verb. 6. A consonant. H. C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS.

A POET worthy of the bay.

FINALS.

A leading novelist of the day.

CROSS-WORDS.

A merry dance is first in place;
Come, little folks, display your grace.
A fragrant flower the little girls
May twine about their glossy curls.
Now look among the river-reeds,
And find a bird—on fish he feeds;
At the same time, if you have luck,
A water-lily you may pluck.
A mountain without rock or tree
Is what I next desire to see;
And you may gather, if you can,
An herb that's poisonous to man.
Next choose a name to all well known,
Once guessed, perhaps 't will be your own;
Now catch a fish, and, if you please,
While we all sit here at our ease,
Three things you must search out for me—
A name, a great lake, and a tree.

JENNY DARE.

A CHESS TRAGEDY.

FILL the blanks with terms used in the game of chess.
Once upon a time, a ——— rode up to a ——— where
lived a beautiful ———. It was nearly ———.
——— were flying noisily around, now and then perching
—— the roofs, and uttering shrill cries, which would

have ——— your ears to ——— quickly. It was a great
—— whether or no he could get in, for you must know
that the ——— who lived in this old ——— was terribly
jealous of his ———, and was always quick to ——— and
—— any attempt on a stranger's part to visit her. He
kept every door ——— by soldiers ——— up in rank and
file. The ——— was sadly ——— by this conduct, and
often used to resent it. To-day she was dressed in a
silk, with a sort of ——— in pretty large ———, and
looked beautiful enough to ——— a stone to admiration.
When she heard who was below, she whispered to the
—— who attended her, and he slipped quietly down
stairs and admitted the ———. The ———, however, saw
him, and, with a scowl as deep as if he had been obliged
to ——— all his ermine, he spoke to six great ———,
and in a few moments, although the ——— was the ———'s
own cousin, and therefore a perfectly proper companion,
the poor ——— was left with only a ———. CHARL.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

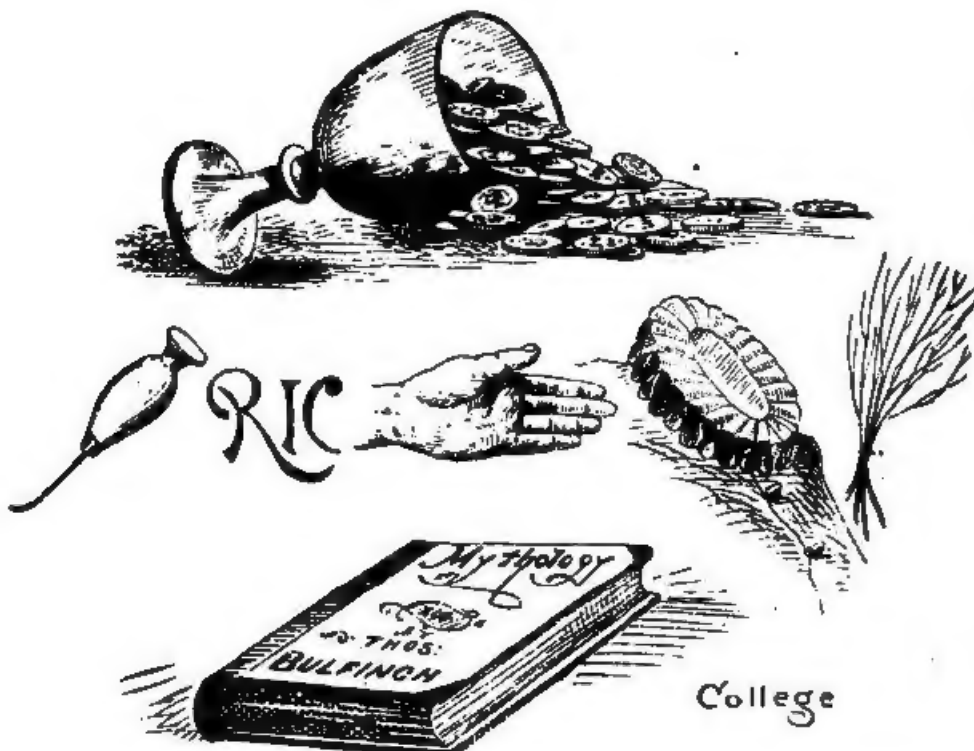
1. A VOWEL. 2. A liquor made from malt and hops.
3. An open space. 4. An ingredient. 5. A foe. 6.
Some. 7. A consonant. NAUTICUS.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first is in Elbe, but not in Rhine;
My second in fir, and also in pine;
My third is in tree, but not in vine;
My fourth in breakfast, but not in dine;
My fifth is in cattle, but not in kine;
My sixth in shoulder, and also in spine;
My seventh is in Willie's, but not in mine;
My eighth is in foam, but not in brine;
My ninth is in mark, but not in sign;
My tenth is in theirs, and also in thine;
My eleventh in prong, and also in tine;
My whole is a story, graceful and fine.

UNCAS.

REBUS, No. 2.



ANAGRAMS.

1. BEST in prayer. 2. Cart-horse. 3. I hire parsons. 4. Into my arm. 5. New door. 6. Norse cat. 7. Mind his map. 8. Sly ware. 9. There we sat. 10. Partial men. 11. Made moral. 12. Now false price. 13. Terrible poser. 14. To love ruin. 15. Queer as mad. 16. It is for pence. 17. Can romp free.

A. P. R.

TRIPLE CONUNDRUM.

WHAT seat in a church accuses a boy of theft? What place in the church tells what he is? What part of the church shows what he ought to do?

B.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A pasture. 3. A slender spear. 4. Judgment. 5. Pointed. 6. Before. 7. A vowel.

H.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.

1. BRIGHT. 2. To grant possession of property for a time. 3. Disguises for the face. 4. The plume of a helmet.

H. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER

ENIGMA.—London.

REBUS, No. 1.—Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

BEHRADED BLANK.—Halter, alter; Rages, ages.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. Sleepers. 2. Llama. 3. Swallow. 4. Ammonites. 5. Invoices.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—

ATOM
TAPS
OPAL
MELT

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

E
LOG
HOSNA
LOZENGE
ROSTERRY
GENSSEE
AGREE
ERE
Y

ELLIPSES.—1. Scat, cat. 2. Tars, star. 3. Note, tone. 4. Desire, reside. 5. Chin, inch. 6. Meal, lame. 7. Untie, unite. 8. Mitre, remit. 9. Wee, ewe. 10. Won, now. 11. Blast, table. 12. Cheops, epocha. 13. Cat, act.

REBUS, No. 2.—All ways to war the Roman knows, Greek and German overthrows, Till the world at last he brings Beneath the Roman eagle's wings.

CHARADE.—Chestnut.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.—Alexander Warren, Noble, Coffee, Commerce, Union, Charlotte, Auburn, Walker, Clymer, Freedom, Somersets, Red-Oak Grove, Cold Spring, Moss, Wayne(d), Dark(e), "Hatchie," Ayr, Chili, Jasper, Kane, Knox, Laurel, Denta, Moon, Clarion, Bell, Wright, Lookout, Hope, Ono, Wye, Amity, Aix.

EASY PUZZLE.—Civil.

CHARADE.—Manhattan.

REBUS, No. 3.—Foul deeds will rise, though all the world O'erwhelm them to men's eyes.

SQUARE RIVERS.—

BEAR
BRO
ARNO
ROOT

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

M—irro—R
O—ti—O
S—crapi—S
S—eparat—E

DECAPITATIONS.—Hague, Bear, Chart, Trent, Orange.

PYRAMID.—

W
ARE
TROLL
CORNERS
HOLOGRAPH

PUZZLE.—One, none.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, previous to April 18, from Willard P. Little, Mary Faulkner, Betsey Trotwood and Agnes Wickfield, Stanley White, Walter Browning, Guerdon H. Frank Cooke, Rufus N. Crossman, Edward L. Anderson, Fanny Le Noir Russell, Katie G. Bolster, Kitty Crosby, Bessie Gilman, Charley Coleman, W. D. B. Hoamer Clark, Willie R. Brown, E. P. P. and H. P. P., Everett B. Clark, Julia Bacon, Gaylord S. White, Arthur J. Burdick, Herbert E. Mathews, Harry Noel, Katy S. Rogers, Francis B. James, Addie S. Church, John W. Vivian, Charles R. Fultz, Alice W. Ives, Irving Favor, Mamie Johnson, Launcelot M. Berkeley, B. and J. Lewis, Mollie E. Church, Elsie West, Bessie and Lizzie Sanderson, Mamie E. Wolverton, Ellen Soerwell, Russell Fearon, Annie Murphy, Annie L. Wright, "Louise," Addie L. Ronderbush, "Virgil," Arnold Guyot Cameron, Helen A. Keith, Carrie Simpson, Frances M. Woodward, Donald G. Woodward, Lizzie Nunemacher, Eddie L. Heydecker, W. H. Ellis, Mary Alice Manley, Fanny M. Wade, Willie Rogers, Norman Rogers, Paul Murphy, Allie Murphy, W. S. Clayton, Philip Gray, Alfred W. Putnam, Mamie and Ests Wagner, Louis Brown.